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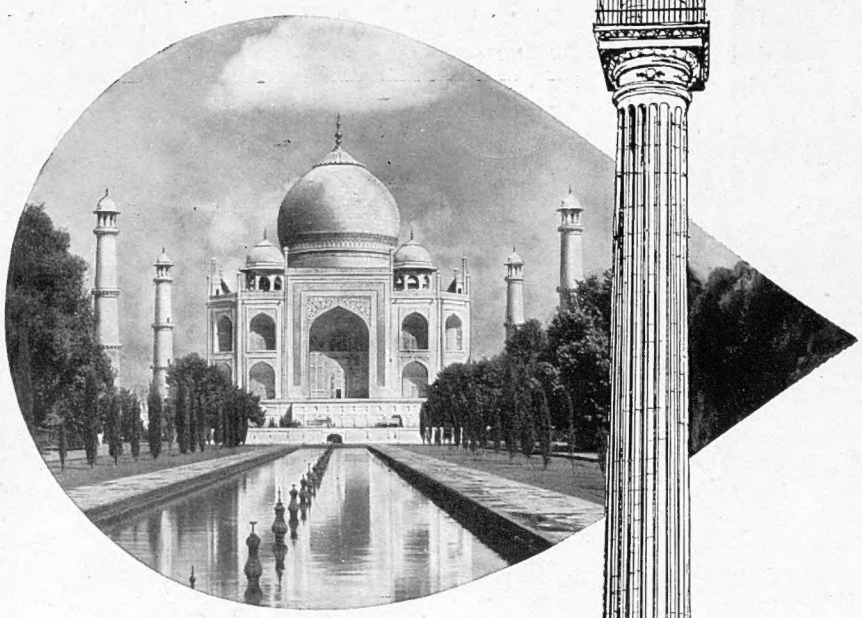

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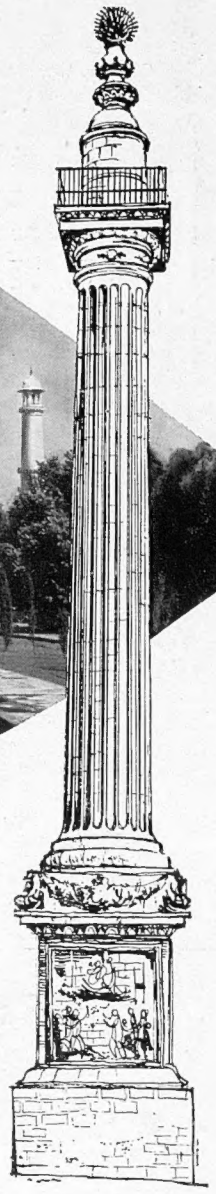

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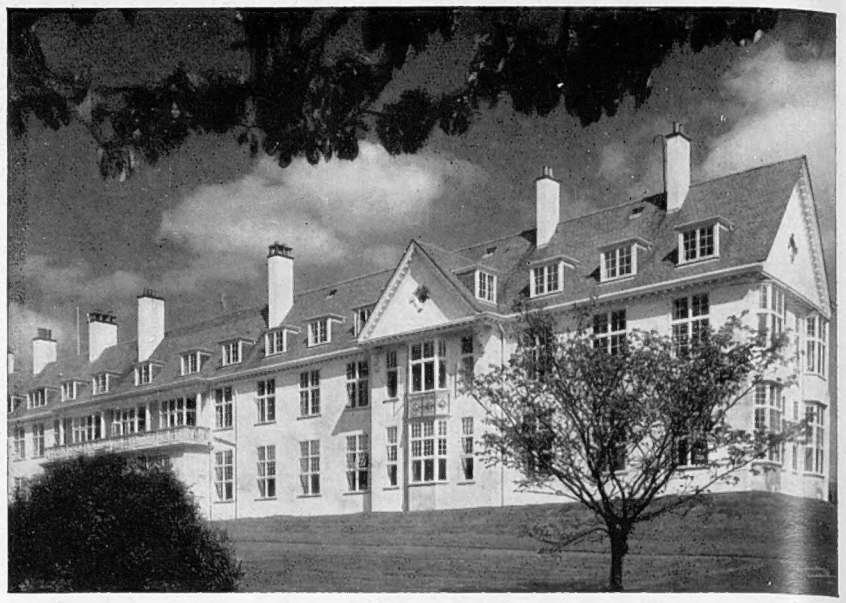

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Volume CCXL No. 3114

The SPHERE, London, February 6, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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BEFORE THE END OF THE UPRISING IN ALGIERS—FRENCH VETERANS MASS TO DEMONSTRATE AT THE BARRICADES: One of the insurgents' main strongpoints of defence is seen towards the right background with tricolours flying from a flagpole in the centre and above the front wall. At the beginning of this week the resistance of the extremist settlers suddenly collapsed. Barricades were dismantled and rebels evacuated. Parliament was summoned in Paris to vote special powers to de Gaulle.

On Monday morning last, February 1, the world was astonished to hear an announcement from Paris radio that the insurrection in Algiers was over. It was reported that the extremist settlers had surrendered to the military. Several hundred of them had been taken in Army lorries to the Foreign Legion Paratroop headquarters outside the city. The reasons for the collapse of the uprising were given as twofold. First, Algerian cities other than Algiers had shown themselves responsive to President de Gaulle's broadcast appeal for a return to law and order. Second, several million in Metropolitan France had staged a one-hour strike early on Monday to demonstrate their support for the President and their strong disapproval of the settlers' actions. A vital factor had also been the attitude of the Army. From the start the majority of senior officers had dissociated themselves from the rebellion and thus there was no repetition of May 1958 when the settlers triumphed against the Algerian policy of the then Paris Government. The end of last month's revolt was taken as adding to the authority of President de Gaulle. (Further pictures on pages 192-194 and 201-203.)

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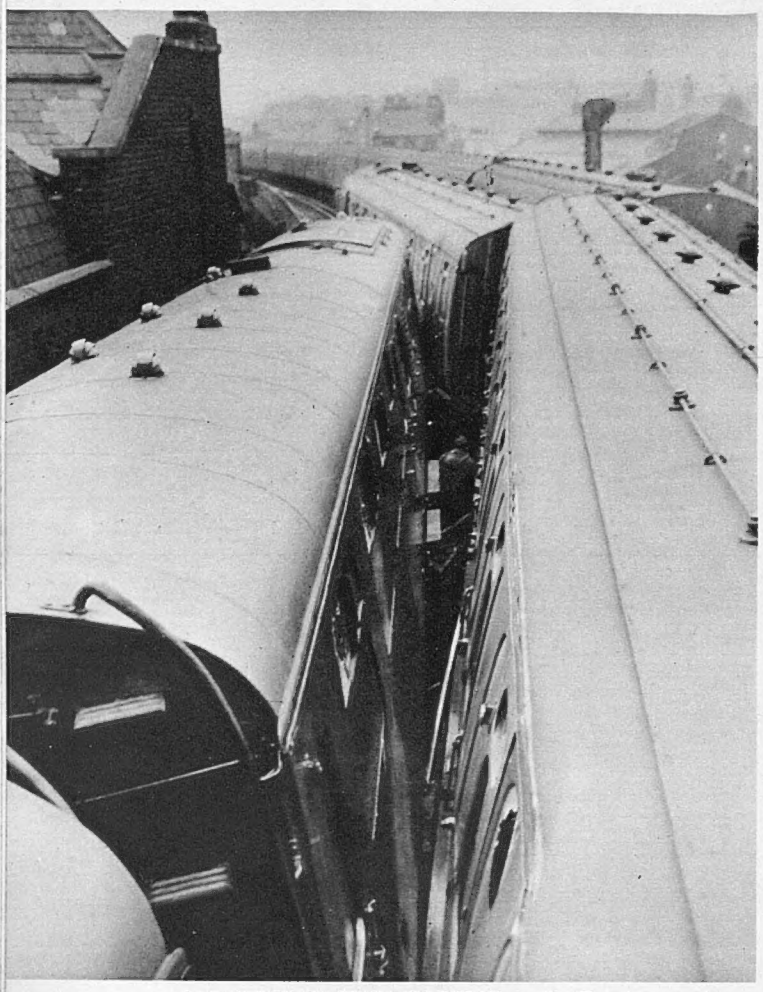


A TRIPLE TRAIN CRASH IN LONDON: *Left*—**The three trains are off the rails at Borough Market Junction, near London Bridge Station.** *Right* **is the wrecked side of a carriage of one of the trains. As a result of the crash, which occurred on Thursday of last week, Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations and the eastern sector of Waterloo were closed to travellers in the evening rush-hour. No one was seriously injured in the accident. Clearing the four tracks which converge on the bridge went on all night and by 5 a.m. the following day the lines had been cleared for the morning rush.**

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

Life is Cheap, Brother—Human life is held cheap enough to-day. I wonder whether lack of restraint, common sense and patience by a minority of the human race resulting in unnecessary deaths in riots and needless accidents are taken into account by the vital statisticians who constantly record the growth of our expectation of life. They are heavy enough to lower the average. Every year, acts of God, the convulsions of Nature, take a heavy toll, but each such incident by flood and fire, above and below ground, or on the sea is regarded as a rare mischance. Prudence may be a despised attribute of the human race, but common sense is not, and, if we had more of it, the fools would have less need to call on the help of the wise. Yet day after day teams of trained rescuers must risk their own lives to save those who " pot-hole " in conditions of flood and landslide, or climb difficult mountains without experience or advice, or put to sea in cockleshells, or disregard the habits of tides. Trained bands, too, must constantly risk killing or being killed in their duty to control mobs and riots, and if sometimes there is more justification for rioting from impatience than for adventuring without common-sense precautions, riotous assemblies are all too fashionable and costly. Those in Algiers and Durban lately reported may differ in degree of mischievousness, may differ in degree of justifiable impatience. Both are terrible proofs of present-day impatience and dreadful warnings of the instability of law and order in two civilised countries. The earth's crust is as brittle as ever it was and lava boils under the surface. Among men and nations, democracy and equality are very active aspirations, and if these words mean anything, they mean that the will of the majority must prevail, but that does not absolve the majority from respecting the rights of minorities. Algerian settlers desire to remain Frenchmen but are unwilling to bow to France's majority views. That seems illogical. In South Africa, democracy still carries a very different definition, not less illogical and not less lethal. Half-tones are out of fashion. Everything is seen in white—or black.

" This Freedom "—" Man, born free, is everywhere in chains." This ancient and famous enunciation of human bondage and the need for freedom for the individual has been for generations the banner and rallying-cry of emancipation, the slogan of all sorts and conditions of liberators who have sought to overthrow tyrants. Looking back, and forwards to to-day, we are justified in thinking the slogan a museum-piece in half the world and in concluding that the liberators have done their work pretty well. Kipling's notion of Empire is as dusty as a stuffed dodo. He died in 1936. What have we now? The " white man's burden " has certainly shifted its position. On this side of the Iron Curtain, at any rate, a remarkable degree of freedom has been won for individuals from the nursery to the grave. For many of them the only master they are still prepared, and compelled, to acknowledge is Nature. Still, as of old, they are at the mercy of storm and tempest and all the convulsions and excesses of Nature. For the rest, by and large, they accept few human restraints. The prudent may still keep within the law for convenience. Apart from that, with the outlawry of sanctions of force, the schoolchildren and the nations feel free to register their individual sovereignty in practical form. If they don't like an order from authority, they " walk out."

A Virulent Epidemic—In the last decades, the fashion of acknowledging no human restraining authority has reached an extraordinary popularity. It has run like a virulent epidemic across half the world, and to-day men, women and children, black-and white, " civilised " or under-developed, " born in chains," can claim to be everywhere emancipated from their fetters; with bitter reservations. There are the refugees, the unlucky criminal who is caught, the cautious individual, like you and me, who hesitates to unlock his gyves, and, of course, all unfortunates caught bending by the excesses of Nature on sea and land. Certainly a majority of the " free " nations seem to have attained the exercise of this freedom, if a timorous, cautious, old-fashioned majority of individuals still hesitate to file through their handcuffs. Many a prisoner, who has served a long sentence in gaol, is said to find freedom terrible, and some have clamoured, and others have taken steps, to regain the security of their prison. What is this freedom worth? Sages tell us that the only freedom worth the name is a freedom based on, and conditioned by, self-discipline. Whether or no, freedom is a difficult asset to turn to one's advantage. Certainly, it doesn't pay off if a man " walks out " when conditions do not suit him. Where does he walk to? Where does he go from here? In the end, he must seek help from his fellows and that means cap-in-hand and some surrender of sovereign rights. But to-day " walking-out " is as popular a fashion as walking the roads for records and (I should judge) just about as futile. But that may be the opinion of a man bred under Queen Victoria, who conceived of no such liberty, and even believed that stone walls need not a prison make but rather a strong tower of security for men of common sense and self-restraint.

Compromise—We must be glad if compromise sometimes clears the bottlenecks and impasses in political or industrial negotiation. It is preached to us from Parliaments and pulpits that if the races of the earth are ever to live together in harmony, each must surrender some of its cherished sovereignty, aims and principles. But sometimes compromise is dressed up in motley, and Gilbert's " old Equity draughtsman " is called in to resolve a dead-lock " by the alteration of a single word." So with the compromise on Mr. Koinange. He can now come inside but not *right* inside. That solution seems to have made *almost* everybody happy. The truth is that aspiring and impatient nationalism, the fashionable disease of the age, makes men so thin-skinned and suspicious of slights that wordy formulas to save face are constantly in demand. I might remark that even humbled and repentant Britain, in sackcloth for long years of " Colonialism," is still entitled to take a stand on a principle. But I would be wrong. At any rate, the stand must be only a gesture. For a retentive memory of events even five years ago is not only inconvenient but undesirable, and Mau Mau, and all that, are best dismissed as old, far-off forgotten things as are Hitler and S.S. atrocities and the murder of the Innocents in Herod's day. Old men forget; but the trouble is not all men, old or young, have that comfortable facility. I was greatly impressed by Mr. Tom M'Boya's coolness, quietness, restraint and dexterity during his TV grilling. Indeed, he made his English quizzers appear as stutterers and amateurs. But I didn't go all the way with him. Murder makes him unhappy, but he sees no difference at all in the methods of murderers. For my part I still see a distinction between Mau Mau methods and other recent forms of mass or individual murder, even though none are particularly " civilised."

Secrets of the Red Box—When April is only two months ahead, decade after decade men's hopes arise that the Chancellor of the day will take some practical steps to remove patent illogicalities and injustices in income taxation. We have all sorts of Chancellors, cold and warm, from bleak houses or Liberty Halls, human and cool calculators. Poor devils, their first thoughts are to balance their Budgets, and since 1914 they haven't found that easy or consonant with earning the gratitude of the people. Sometimes they pile on a shilling or pare off sixpence, but never, never do they lay hands on the ancient structure. Still as of old the old machinery grinds on with the prime object of getting enough out of us to keep the nation out of the red. But the very fact that we are all getting richer (while the State spends more and more of our money) has at last brought violently home to all of us how illogical and unjust some of the age-old principles of assessment have become. In only the last ten years, people earning only £250 p.a. or less have fallen from 12,000,000 to 5,000,000. In the last ten years, the number of people earning up to £1,500 p.a. has risen from 1,500,000 to 9,500,000. £2,000 to £3,000 a year has become an average income for rising young aspirants to

professional or business leadership, content with or confined to about £700 p.a. a decade ago. £5,000 to £8,000 a year is regarded as by no means unreasonable pay for men at the top of their professions or businesses. As the majority grows year by year richer (on paper), more and more people move into the penal assessment range, and personal taxation automatically increases; and nothing can halt it but concurrent reduction of the rates of assessment. But here the injustices of the whole system cry out to heaven. The rate of income tax rises sharply and apparently casually. £10 more in earnings may make a mighty difference. The methods by which surtax is assessed have for years infuriated its victims; the lumping of husband's and wife's gross incomes, a great part of which has been taken from them at the source, into a penal grade, seems unjust even to those who will never suffer it. Has any post-war Chancellor really found time to examine the means of creating an instrument of taxation that fits the conditions of his year of office or considered the proposition that personal taxation can only be justified when the taxpayer is informed of (and accepts as being to his advantage) the whole expenditure of his money which the Government plans? Mr. Amory is a kindly, considerate man, I believe, but he is as busy as most modern Ministers; and few Chancellors in our day have found time for more than to balance their Budgets by easing the creaky old engine with an oil-can and a file, here or there applied. The machine is about as modern as Stephenson's "Rocket."

Moaning at the Bar?—The B.M.A., in a laudable effort to assist Mr. Marples in one of his contemplated proposals for reducing road-murder, has issued a report on alcohol and road accidents. It concludes that if a driver's blood contains more than .05 per cent. of alcohol, his driving is not "entirely consistent with the safety of other road-users." To produce .05 per cent. alcohol in his blood, he must drink 1½ pints of beer or "two or three small whiskies," but a "seasoned" drinker might remain "safe" after drinking twice as much or more. Medical experts recommend compulsory tests for anyone obviously involved in responsibility for an accident, and the "Breathalyser," which I have seen demonstrated, is said to be an accurate test and clearly no hardship on the "patient." Of course, many learned societies offer advice to Ministers which Ministers neglect. Even if Mr. Marples and the Government should accept the nation-wide belief that drinking is a prime cause of road-murder, it does not follow that legislation will follow to curb that "one (or more) for the road." The vested interests are strongly entrenched and, with his eye on replenishing the Exchequer, the Chancellor regards the brewers and distillers as his blue-eyed boys. But the idea that alcohol and road accidents are near relations has taken root at last, and it may well be that there is some anxiety, if not yet moaning at the bar. The Chancellor may already be considering the possibility of milking the cocoa and tomato-juice industries to balance his future Budgets. But I don't think we need go into mourning yet for the brewers and distillers. If Parliament ever limits drinking for drivers, it will begin with a very generous ration.

Catching Them Young—Those who prefer to be governed by Tories rather than Socialists may take comfort from the thought that Labour's new call to youth, the birth of the "Young Socialists," is likely to be a fairly long-term election winner in itself. There are plenty of other changes and chances which could bring the Socialists back to power in four years' time. Mr. Morgan Phillips's circular to all local Labour parties aims at establishing at least one branch of the new "Young Socialists" in every constituency. But the idea is to catch them very young, and he recognises that nowadays neither Socialist nor Tory children are born politically-minded. *Iolanthe's* sentry is out of date. The Socialist medicine will be taken in jam. The slogan will be borrowed from the Oxford Group: "Let 's have fun." The charms of nationalisation will be slipped in discreetly between bouts of jazz. There will be nothing like concentrated indoctrination on the Nazi model. The boys and girls will dance their way to political maturity and see the light at last through the medium of the light programme. After all, "let 's have fun" is a vital part of the Socialist philosophy, and (under Tory rule) that philosophy is being largely and happily implemented. But some years must elapse, and much jazzing, jiving, rocking and rolling must be worked through before the nation's schoolchildren learn that the real fun of living is to be found in active and fanatical devotion to the Socialist charter. There are so many trivial distractions and interests to be sweated out of their systems, and sweating it out with rock 'n' roll may merely create a demand for a still livelier jiving.

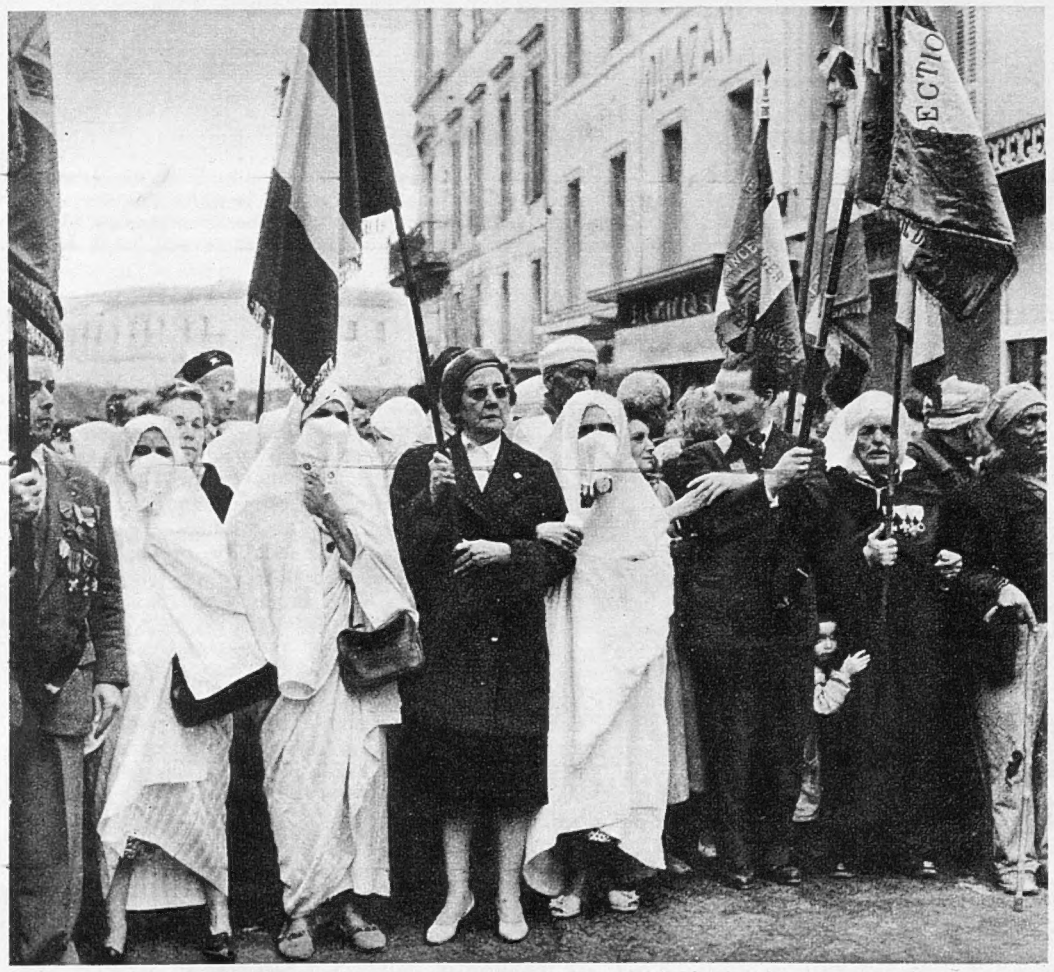
Undesirable Imports from U.S.A.—I confess I have sometimes asserted that we in Britain, who once exported some not unworthy traditions abroad, have in recent decades slavishly copied from America many a fashion and custom not so worthy. It appears that the Oxford Union emphatically endorsed this view recently; and the Union was trounced for endangering by its voting the present friendly relations between our two countries. Frankness and truth should not be totally ruled out among tried friends; otherwise friendship is a mere façade. Certainly the introduction of filth into novels is increasing in America and is growing with us. The fashion in dope and drugs and unnecessary drinking in a section of the American public has increased over here undesirable imports from a country whose majority remains basically as sensible and restrained as ours. I was led by reviewers to read John Hersey's *The War Lover*. The blurb declares that it may come to be regarded as the best anti-war novel of our time. It may be so, especially for those who are bored or disgusted with the perpetual repetition of the kind of filth which nasty-minded boys scrawl up on public lavatory walls. But I wonder whether its great merits as a story are enhanced by this tiresome repetition. No doubt it is realism. No doubt this is the language which American airmen in Britain habitually used in the last war. But its realistic repetition *ad nauseam* does not increase our respect for American culture, and accordingly does no service to our mutual respect as close friends. And I very much doubt if it adds clarity and continuity to the relation of events.

AN EVANGELICAL MISSION TO AFRICA: Dr. Billy Graham, the much-travelled American evangelist, smiles as one dancer stands on the head of another. The act was part of a performance of traditional tribal dances to which the villagers of Bigwaakor, about twenty miles from Monrovia, entertained Dr. Graham. Arriving in Liberia on January 20, the American evangelist is on a mission tour of the African continent. Dr. Graham intends to visit South Africa.

"Dress Does Make a Difference"—*Man and Superman* was certainly my earliest introduction to Shaw. I was then twenty years old and had resisted Shaw until 1905. I suppose I was even then an "Old Stager" at heart. I thought he talked too much and supplied too little action. The recent TV performance of *Man and Superman* confirmed my youthful opinion. The play was admirably and drastically cut, and improved thereby. If Granville-Barker or Robert Loraine had been called on to handle the cut version in 1905, I fancy they would have made even more of the play than they did in England and America. The TV acting was pretty good, I should say, though in a play of talk, the TV medium produces dialogue too quickly spoken and often inaudible. But I can't compare the two acting versions of 1905 and 1960. I venture only a note on costumes. In all revivals of Edwardian drama, I have found the producers tend to exaggerate the fashions in dress of the day and such fantastic stylisation tends in my view to enhance the "dating" of a period piece. Usually it is the women whose styles are exaggerated. In TV's *Man and Superman*, I criticise the exaggeration of the men's dress styles. I frankly admit that we looked pretty ridiculous in our Oxford photograph groups. Our collars were absurd, our high waistcoats hideous, our Norfolk jackets clumsy, our boaters impossible. But when we set out on our first ventures in "horseless carriages," to the best of my recollection we did not wear 4-in. stiff linen collars, with Norfolk jackets and high-crowned boaters. We were abominably dressed, no doubt, but we didn't put all our abominations on at one time. I have often said that a woman dressed in the fashions of 1905, parading Piccadilly in 1960, would be followed by a crowd, while a man in the dress of 1905 would pass without remark. *Man and Superman* on TV destroys that theory.

THE OLD STAGER

A DEMONSTRATION OF SYMPATHY FOR THE INSURGENTS: From a barricade flying a bloodstained flag in Algiers uniformed Territorials who are manning it look down on a large crowd demonstrating its solidarity with their resistance to de Gaulle's Algerian policy. But last Monday the revolt suddenly came to an end.



ENLISTING MUSLIM SUPPORT: European demonstrators have gathered a few Muslims, including some veiled women, to join in a march with flags. However, the native population for the most part showed little sympathy for the settlers in the initial stage of the Algiers revolt, and later definitely supported Paris.

BLOCKING OFF THE REBELS: Vehicles of a paratroop unit of the Army have been parked to cordon off the insurgent stronghold in the background. The Army took firm action after de Gaulle's January 29 speech.

SCUFFLE WITH SECURITY FORCES: Extremists clash with Mobile Guards in a street in Algiers. The onus for suppressing the insurrection was first placed on the Security forces composed of Mobile Guards and Gendarmerie. General Challe, the military Commander-in-Chief, and M. Delouvrier, the civil Delegate-General, removed themselves to a headquarters outside the city. However, French regular troops were soon sent to cordon off the barricades, the Army units including men of the Foreign Legion and of the Paratroops. On Saturday last (January 30) areas occupied by the insurgents had been surrounded, and on the following day gas and electricity supplies for the barricades were cut off. This was understood to be one of the measures being taken by the military to put down the uprising without bloodshed.

LGIERS

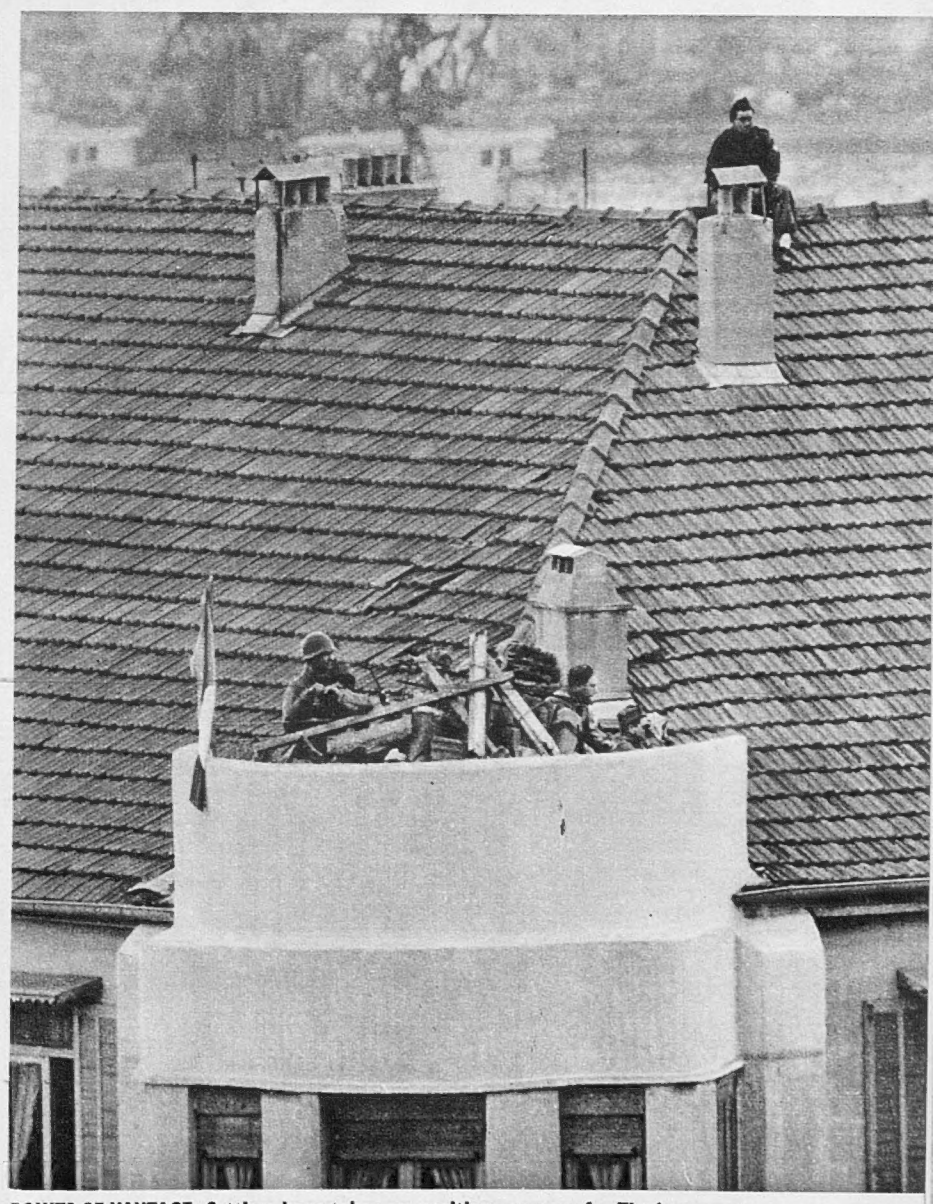
END OF A PHASE

Various Stages in the Unsuccessful Revolt

right—

PPLIES FOR THE BARRICADES: erritorials, bringing up fresh read for their comrades keeping watch, pass a veiled oman. Supplies of food and rink were taken regularly to the arricades until the military took ction to prevent the population ixing with the insurgents and xpressing their sympathy with em. For a day or two extremist aders continued to show defi-ce, but finally they seem to have ecided they lacked the popular pport to enable them to carry on.

A WOMAN INSURGENT: Wearing uniform, she mounts guard on a sand-bagged emplacement. Female extremists were as vociferous as their menfolk in demanding no concessions to the Muslims.



POINTS OF VANTAGE: Settlers have taken up positions on a roof. The insurgents were in two main groups. One manned the barricades. The other was stationed in the University building. (Other pictures on pages 194 and 201-203.)

PERSONALITIES IN THE ALGERIAN CRISIS

Pictures of the Leaders in Algiers and Paris

THE LEADERS OF THE INSURGENTS IN ALGIERS: M. Pierre Lagaillarde (left) and M. Joseph Ortiz address the crowds from a balcony in Algiers. On Monday, M. Ortiz, the chairman of the "French National Front," and M. Lagaillarde, a young lawyer and leader of the students, disbanded their separate headquarters in Algiers.

INVOLVED IN THE ALGERIAN CRISIS: *Left* is M. Le Pen, an extreme Right Wing Deputy. He was granted "provisional liberty" after having been arrested during a police search of Paris. *Right* is M. Méningaud, a spokesman for the Algerian insurgents. He is seen announcing the cessation of the General Strike.

LEADERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY: The picture shows General Challe (left) and General Gracieux. It was taken before the crisis. General Challe is C.-in-C. French forces in Algeria. General Gracieux, after taking over the Algiers-Sahel command (with responsibility for public security in Algiers) for five days, was removed.

A MAJOR CRISIS FOR GENERAL DE GAULLE: The French President enters the Palais Royal in Paris to attend a session of the French Council of State. Three days before the end of the crisis, General de Gaulle broadcast a call to duty, which was acclaimed in France as a most dignified and moving appeal.

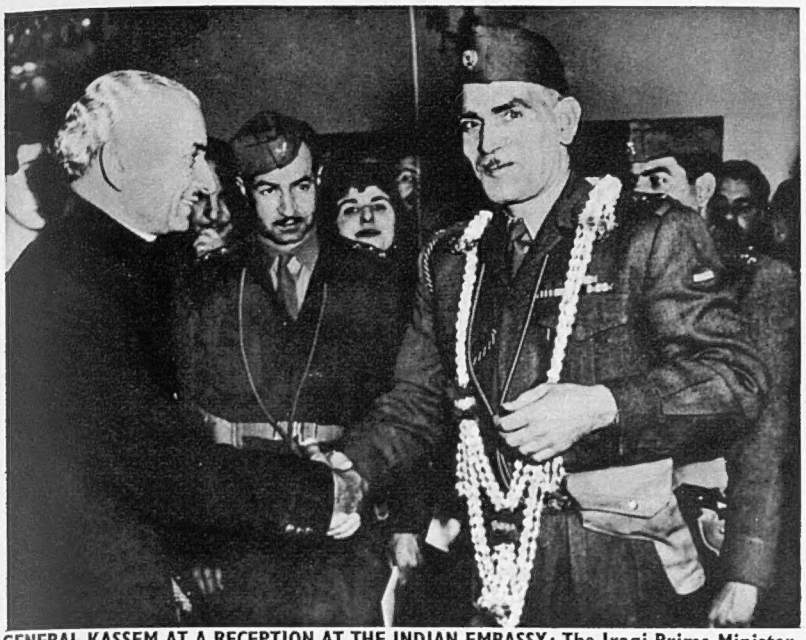
On left—

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER: In Paris, M. Debré leaves his car to preside over an extraordinary Council on the situation in Algeria. He flew by night to Algeria to talk with leaders there. On his return it became clear he had doubts whether the Army would implement orders to quell the rebellion by force.

Below—

THE FRENCH DELEGATE-GENERAL IN ALGIERS: M. Delouvrier appears on television to ask the insurgents to break down their barricades. Later, when it appeared that the rebels virtually controlled the situation, he made what was described as a hysterical broadcast, saying that he had been ordered to withdraw the Government from Algiers.

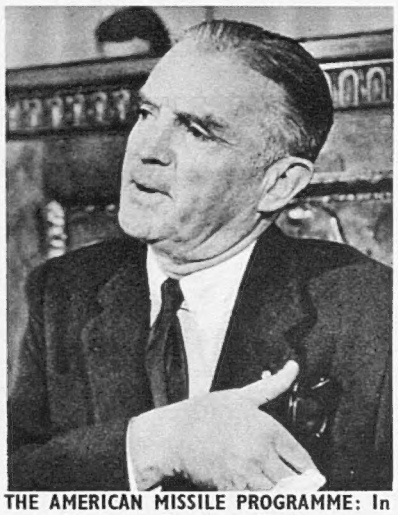
THE NEWS IN PICTURES



GENERAL KASSEM AT A RECEPTION AT THE INDIAN EMBASSY: The Iraqi Prime Minister (right) shakes hands with Inder Sen Chopra, the Indian Ambassador at the Embassy in Bagdad. According to reports, General Kassem appeared to be fit and well on one of his few public appearances since his long sojourn in hospital. He was injured during an assassination attempt last October. The British Ambassador in Bagdad again made strong representations last week on behalf of Mr. Leslie Marsh, the British citizen from Jamaica, who was being tried in the People's Court in Bagdad, as one of the last of the seventy-eight people accused of complicity in the attempt on General Kassem's life. Mr. Marsh was arrested on the day after the alleged attempt.

THE KING OF MOROCCO IN JORDAN: In the Royal Palace at Amman, King Mohammed V of Morocco (left) is seated on the sofa with King Hussein. During his tour of Middle East countries, King Mohammed paid a four-day State visit to Jordan. At an Islamic conference in Jerusalem during the visit, King Hussein called for stronger bonds between the Arabic and Islamic countries of the Middle East.

THE THREAT OF A NATIONAL RAIL STRIKE: Mr. Sidney Greene, the General Secretary of the National Union of Railwaymen, pauses to speak into a microphone as he leaves the British Transport Commission's headquarters in London. After the B.T.C. had declined to give an interim pay increase, the Executive of the N.U.R. decided to call a national strike starting on February 15.

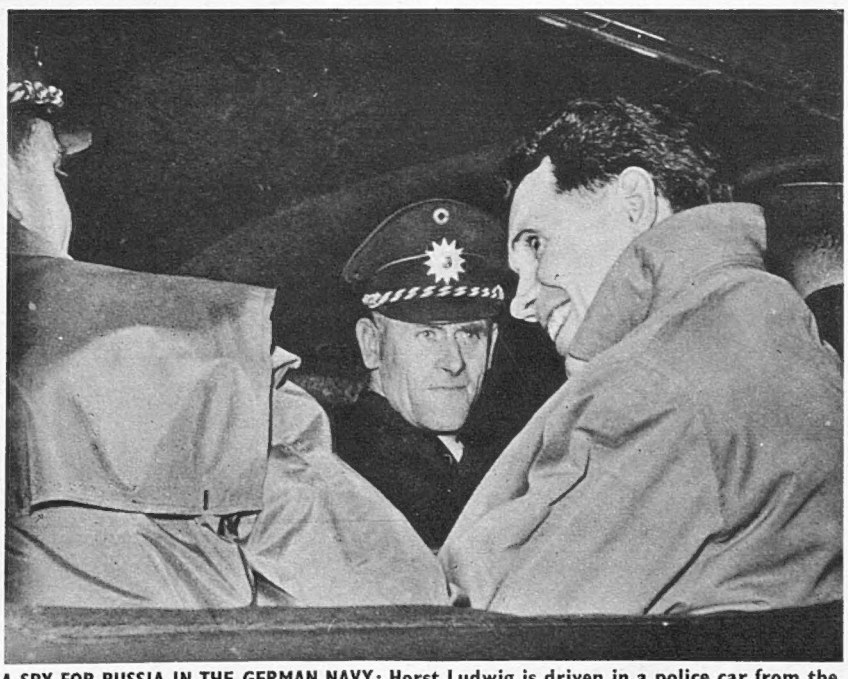


THE AMERICAN MISSILE PROGRAMME: In Washington, Senator Symington, a former Secretary of the U.S. Air Force, speaks at a Press conference. He criticised the Administration for its views on the relative strengths of the U.S. and Russia in the missile field. He said that the administration was juggling with intelligence estimates in face of a Russian lead of three to one.

On left—

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS ON HIS WAY BACK TO CYPRUS: The President-elect of the island waves as he enters an air-liner at London Airport. When Archbishop Makarios left last week-end at the end of a phase in the talks on Cyprus, it was stated that no agreement had been reached. In official circles, in Nicosia, it was regarded as unlikely that agreement would be reached about the British bases in Cyprus in time for the new Independence Day—March 19. May 19 was being discussed as the next target.

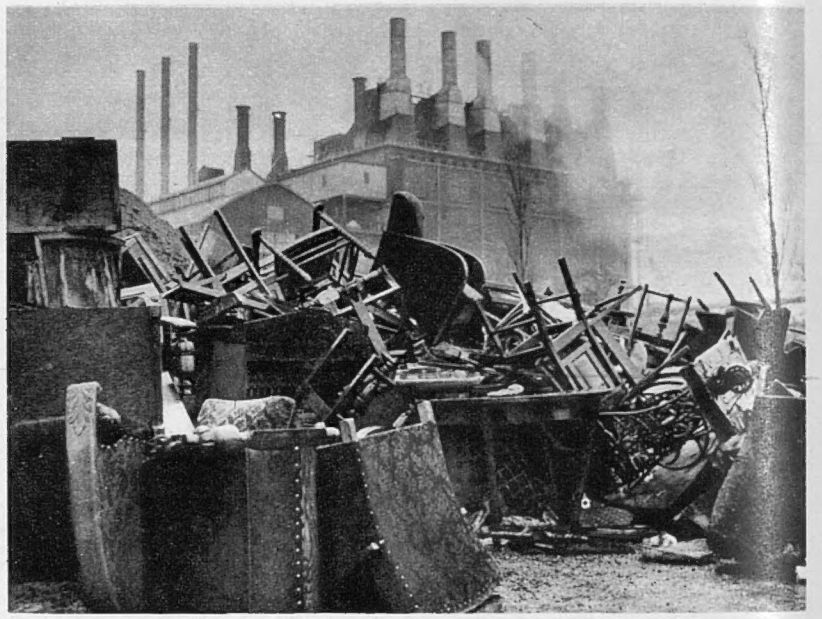
ANSWERING QUESTIONS ON THE IRISH HORSE TRADE: Mr. Sean Lemass (centre), the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, addresses a Press conference in London. With him are Mr. H. J. McCann, the Irish Ambassador (left), and Mr. C. C. Cremin, the Irish Secretary of the Department of External Affairs. Last week-end, Mr. Lemass gave his backing to an international inquiry into the traffic in horses for slaughter. He displayed concern over the recent campaign against the Irish horse traffic in the British Press. Irish horses, he continued, represented only 8 per cent. of the total imported for slaughter by France. In the past ten years the casualties among them had been only one third per cent.



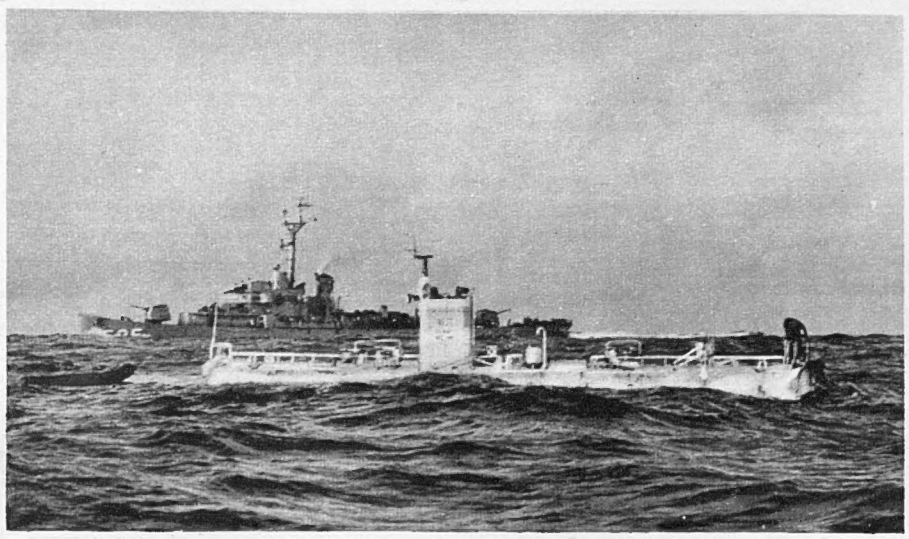
A SPY FOR RUSSIA IN THE GERMAN NAVY: Horst Ludwig is driven in a police car from the proceedings at the Federal High Court in Karlsruhe. A former lieutenant-commander in the air arm of the Federal Navy, Horst Ludwig was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for treason and betrayal of military secrets. At the same time two of Ludwig's relations and a former chief petty officer were sentenced to varying periods on the same charges. They had been accused of betraying German, British and American naval and military secrets. During the proceedings evidence was given to the court that Horst Ludwig had served for four months' training at the Royal Naval Air station at Lossiemouth in Scotland.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

SEVERE FLOODS IN THE MIDLANDS: The floodwaters have risen over the banks of the River Severn at Worcester and lie on the riverside road. The height which the floodwaters had reached can be seen from the arches. In the right background is Worcester Cathedral. This picture was taken on Tuesday of last week when the thaw caused floods in many parts of the Midlands. At one time the River Severn was 16 ft. above normal and thousands of acres of farmland were inundated to a depth of 5 ft. Parts of Worcester were under 4 ft. of water, and the Health Department warned people to boil drinking water as floodwaters had entered the waterworks. The town of Upton-on-Severn was cut off by floodwaters, only high-wheeled lorries being able to get through. Villagers at Bransford, a village near Worcester, asked for food and supplies after being isolated. R.A.O.C. troops used amphibious vehicles to deliver stores and drinking water to the village. In Worcester the floodwaters made lakes of the cricket ground and racecourse. Early this week there was further flooding in the Lake District and Derbyshire.



THE AFTERMATH OF THE DUTCH FLOODS: Furniture, damaged by the floodwaters which inundated the Amsterdam suburb of Tuindorp-Oostzaan on January 14, is piled in a yard to be collected by dustmen. *Left*—Inhabitants of Tuindorp-Oostzaan are at work repairing the damage done to their homes by the floods. The municipal authorities allowed the people of the suburb to return to their homes on Friday of last week. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands watched the return of the thousands of people. The water, which had risen to a depth of 12 ft., had been pumped away, and much of the mud and debris had been removed from the streets. The work of putting houses of Tuindorp-Oostzaan back into order is expected to take some time.



TO THE LOWEST POINT ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE: The United States bathyscaphe *Trieste* prepares to make its record-breaking dive, to a depth of 37,800 ft., to the bottom of the Challenger Deep, in the Marianas Trench, in the Pacific. In the background is the *Trieste's* escort, the U.S.S. *Lewis*, and on the left is the dinghy which the *Trieste's* crew used to board the bathyscaphe. Two men made the dive: Jacques Piccard, the son of the Swiss balloonist, Professor Auguste Piccard, who invented the bathyscaphe; and Lieutenant Don Walsh, a United States Navy submarine officer. The dive was made on January 23. It proved that the depth of Challenger Deep was about 2,000 ft. greater than scientists had predicted; and that fish live at the bottom, where pressure is 8 tons per square inch, and where no light can penetrate.

THE SECOND TEST MATCH IN THE WEST INDIES: E. R. Dexter, the English all-rounder, attempts to swing the ball to leg in the first innings. Behind the stumps is the West Indies wicketkeeper and captain, F. C. M. Alexander. After a shaky start, England scored 382 in their first innings, Dexter getting 77. Smith and Barrington scored centuries. In reply the West Indies side had scored 98 for 8 when a riot broke out among the crowd. Singh, the West Indies bowler, had just been run out when a bottle was thrown on to the pitch. It was followed by hundreds of others, and a riot squad was called. The teams returned to the pavilion and play was stopped for the day. During the third Test on the last tour by the M.C.C. there was a similar incident

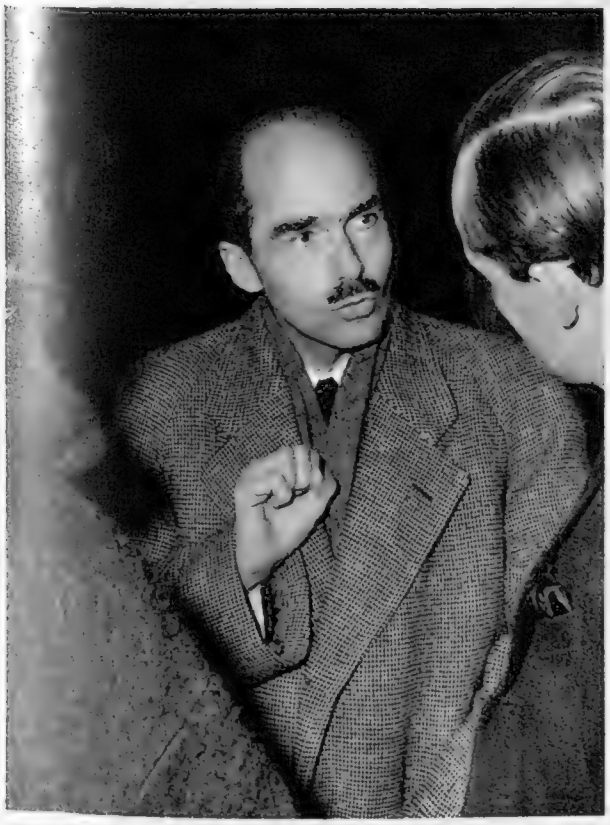
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE POLICE: At the first meeting of the Commission at the Home Office last week are, from left, round the table: Mr. John Hobson, M.P.; Sir Ian Jacob; Dr. J. W. Macfarlane; Mrs. M. A. Richardson; Sir James Robertson; Mrs. K. Ryder Runton; Judge Temple-Morris; Sir George Turner; Sir Henry Willink, Q.C. (the chairman); Mr. T. A. Critchley (secretary); Mr. D. G. Mackay (assistant secretary); Alderman J. C. Burman; Lord Geddes of Epsom; Mr. W. I. R. Fraser, Q.C.; Dr. Arthur Goodhart, Q.C.; Mr. L. Hale, M.P.; and Mr. Alastair Hetherington. The Commission is reviewing the constitutional position of the police throughout Great Britain and their relationship with the public. Their work is expected to take more than two years. The Commission includes lawyers, members from industry, the Press and the Trade Unions.

CHAIRMAN OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON THE POLICE: Sir Henry Willink, who is Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge (left), is seated with Mr. T. A. Critchley (Home Office), who is the secretary of the Royal Commission.

On left—

A NEW LIFE PEERESS: Baroness Horsbrugh of Horsbrugh, in the County of Peebles, takes her seat in the House of Lords. She is flanked by her sponsors, Lord Crathorne (left) and Lord Aberdare. Formerly Dame Florence Horsbrugh, she was Minister of Education from 1951 to 1954.



THE PRETENDER TO THE THRONE OF AUSTRIA VISITS BRITAIN: Archduke Otto talks with journalists on his arrival at Victoria Station, London. The head of the House of Habsburg had been invited to Britain by the Cambridge University Royalists to give two lectures on the subject of " Monarchy in the Atomic Age." Born in 1912, the Archduke is the son of the last Austrian Emperor, Charles, who abdicated at the end of the First World War and died in exile in 1922.

CELEBRATING AUSTRALIA DAY IN LONDON: Princess Alexandra attends the dinner given by the Australia Club at the Dorchester Hotel, on the 172nd anniversary of the landing of Governor Phillip at Port Jackson, to establish the settlement which is now the city of Sydney. With the Princess in this picture are, from left: the Countess of Home; the Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations; and Lord Kilmuir, the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was one of the speakers at the dinner. Other receptions in London to celebrate Australia Day were given by the High Commissioner, Sir Eric Harrison, and attended by members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Government and other Commonwealth High Commissioners. In Australia, the celebrations included parades of servicemen, the firing of 21-gun salutes, and mass naturalisation ceremonies.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE KENYA CONFERENCE IN LONDON: From left—Mr. Ronald Ngala, Mr. Tom Mboya (both African Nationalist delegates) and Mr. Peter Koinange, their special adviser, arrive at Lancaster House. During the first week of the Conference Mr. Koinange was the centre of a dispute concerning the status he was to hold during the conference and the African Nationalist Party boycotted the sessions until the matter was settled. Eventually a compromise was reached by which Mr. Koinange could have a special adviser's pass admitting him to the African elected members' committee room but not to the conference table. To show their distaste for this solution the United Party, led by Group Captain Briggs, withdrew from one afternoon's session. Otherwise, for the second week the representatives of the various interests in Kenya got down to the business of putting forward their proposals for the Colony's constitutional future.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY AT LANCASTER HOUSE: Mr. Macleod is seen entering the building on January 25, the first day on which there was a full attendance of delegates for the Kenya talks.

On right—

EX-PRESIDENT PERON TO TRAVEL IN EUROPE: The former dictator of Argentina, who was overthrown and fled into exile in 1955, talks of his future plans in Ciudad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic. General Peron said that he hoped very shortly to start on a tour of Europe. Among the countries he intended to visit were Spain, France, Switzerland and Italy.

DEMOBILISATION FOR SOVIET SOLDIERS: In East Berlin a Russian captain points to a map as he talks with soldiers about to be demobilised under the reductions in the number of Soviet servicemen announced last month by Mr. Khrushchev. The captain was stated to be showing the soldiers where they would be working in Russia. In the past demobilised Russians have been directed to civilian labour.

RIOTS AND KILLINGS IN CATO MANOR: Heavily-armed police prepare to go into the African slum area near Durban to recover the bodies of nine colleagues who had been murdered by an African mob. The dead men—four of them whites—were among the thirteen members of a police squad engaged in a search for illicit liquor stills. The squad made many arrests and was attacked by several hundred Africans. After opening fire the police took refuge in some huts. They were hunted out from these and nine were hacked and stoned to death. *On left*—The huts in which the police tried to take refuge are examined on the following morning. The death roll of nine is the largest suffered by the police in Durban's history of African troubles. Cato Manor was the scene of severe riots last June.

World Affairs

THE DEEPENING TRAGEDY OF AFRICA

By JOHN CONNELL

IT is no use disguising the fact that there is a certain time-lag between the writing of these words and their appearance in print. Since I have not the gift of prophecy, it would be fraudulent to claim that I can write with authority and knowledge about what will have happened by Saturday, February 6, in the sharpening crisis in Algeria and in Africa generally. Writing—obviously—in advance, I am aware principally of deep distress and foreboding. An *apologia* of this kind would not be necessary, were it not that events throughout Africa are moving with such torrential speed that what seemed calm common sense a few days ago is now simply a moan upon the wind.

I am all on the side of calm common sense in normal times, but these, so far as Africa is concerned, are not normal times. Over almost everything that is said or done, on any side, in the whole complex crisis, there is a brooding sense of tragedy. Oh yes, Africa will get her "independence," and colonialism will be liquidated; there will be new flags, new embassies in Belgravia, new relays of sleek, black cars going to Lancaster House for discussions on liberal economic assistance projects.

The tragedy will be illuminated in what is to me a cruel and lurid glow; for I have some experience of the realities of what is called "the transfer of power," as distinct from the smooth, hypocritical and canting phrases in which the official apologists try, to the end, to describe it. I have seen an imperialist administration in the final stages of collapse and retreat; and it is not an agreeable sight; nor do the consequences, in terms of human suffering, loss and grief, lie easy on the conscience.

There is an inexorable pattern in the now numerous manifestations of this process of the transfer of power. After a period, be it long or short, of subordination to external authority, political consciousness and the accompanying appetite for political power stir in the leaders of a numerical majority; the minority, whose differences with the majority, whether racial, religious or social, were accepted and tolerable under external sovereignty, begin to be alarmed and to show their dread of being left at the majority's mercy.

They are offered safeguards. The more disturbed they become, the more assiduous and ingenious becomes the hunt for safeguards. There is a phase of Royal Commissions, Round Table Conferences and official searchings for the appropriate reconciling formula. In steps one of those brilliant and devoted devisers of complex constitutions, a Reginald Coupland, an Ivor Jennings, a Cyril Radcliffe, and under tautening pressure he produces a beautiful apparatus of carefully calculated checks and balances.

"Bah!" say the leaders of the majority in accents of disdain. "This is a trick to deprive us of the power which is ours by divine right of being a majority." "So that's the way the wind lies," say the leaders of the minority, and order double shutters and double locks for their houses, clean their pistols and lay in a stock of ammunition. For the safeguards, technically elegant as they appear, are as flimsy as the Senior Common Room writing paper on which they have been worked out. The formula is meaningless, and there is no reconciliation.

Then comes the period of agitation, rioting, imprisonment and exile of leaders, reprisals and counter-reprisals, and of bitterness and hatred deepening to despair. I have described this process so far in terms of British experience. Though the details of procedure are different, the analysis is relevant to French experience. When Marshal Juin, at the peak of the Algerian crisis last week, saw President de Gaulle and asked for an assurance that the French Government, in pursuit of its policy of self-determination for Algeria, would not leave the *colons* "in the lurch," he spoke in the terms of all the leaders of all the minorities in this hideous and protracted process. Carson, high on his wind-beaten pedestal in front of Stormont, would have understood. So would Jinnah, sickened by the endless subtleties and refinements of the Hindu politicians who confronted him and offered him always the shadow, always pretending it was the substance.

The dilemma of imperial Governments in retreat is invariable. Having admitted, in principle, that it is wrong that they should attempt to retain political sovereignty over a large, supposedly indigenous majority in a hitherto dependent territory, they are then confronted with the remaining minority's fear that it will be subjugated to a tyranny which it will then be powerless to resist. The Algerians' case and cry are exactly analogous to Ulster's case and cry in the years of crisis over Home Rule between 1910 and 1914.

The dilemma becomes intolerable when military measures are resorted to, in order to try to compel the minority to submit to what all its members passionately believe to be alien rule. I was interested and pleased to see that, in the middle of frantically anxious exchanges, both civilian and military, between Paris and Algiers, Mr. John Wallis, the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent in Algiers, had both the emotional steadiness and the objective sense of history, to write: "It is the Curragh situation all over again, with General de Gaulle in the role of Asquith."

The parallel is precise. Soldiers have a natural reluctance to shoot down their own kith and kin, with whose aims and ideals, to say nothing of religious beliefs, they are in sympathy. As Mr. Wallis remarked in the same dispatch, "nobody wishes to see more French blood spilt by Frenchmen." This was the situation in which General Gough and his brother-officers found themselves at the Curragh in 1914. It is perfectly true that the egregious Henry Wilson was making as much mischief as he could, but however great an intriguer he was, his passion for Ulster was a genuine passion.

But Gough in Ireland, like the hapless General Challe in Algeria, was not in any sense a political soldier; he had a natural aversion from opening fire on his friends and relations. It may have been tactless or worse of the Ulster Unionists to have put the British Government and the Army in this dilemma; but what they said was "We are British and we want to remain British," and they were called rebels for saying it.

The French in Algeria—like the Ulster Unionists, I dare say—have a multitude of faults, but they have a stubborn desire to remain French, and are called rebels for it. Nobody, not even Charles de Gaulle, with all the lustre and majesty of his power and his achievements, has the right to refuse them this wish and compel them to remain under the rule of the Muslim majority. They may be wrongheaded; they may be stubborn; they may be mistaken in their fear and their suspicion. These are the accusations which anti-partitionists in Ireland have levelled for forty years at the Government and people of Northern Ireland, with singularly little effect—even when accompanied by the most soothing and plausible undertakings about safeguards. Because the alternative to the accusations and the undertakings is armed attack, the people of the Six Counties remain unimpressed.

The experience of Northern Ireland ought to give a clear warning to all those who think that the inter-racial majority-minority difficulties in Africa can be easily and swiftly settled. Time, we can all see, presses. De Gaulle, for two years, strove arduously to gain time in Algeria; there seems a grave, indeed a tragic, likelihood that he has failed. Harold Macmillan's African journey has been a similar effort, made with equal skill, determination and courage.

But nationalists, of every colour and creed, once the race for power is really on, are not laggards, and the one gift they will not offer to the withdrawing administration is time. The more complex the whole operation of the transfer of power, the greater is the pressure for haste. And haste is sheer disaster.

THE ALL-AFRICAN PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE: *Above*—At the opening session in Tunis, the members of the Algerian Nationalist (F.L.N.) delegation are, in front row from left—M. Alaydham; M. Ferhat Abbas; M. Belgoum and Dr. Mokadem. *Left*—President Bourguiba, of Tunisia, gives the inaugural address. His frequent references to independence and unity among African peoples were enthusiastically cheered.

Why anyone in authority blinks at, or tries to slur over, this simple, if harsh, truth, I cannot conceive. Recent history is littered with its proofs. I have now no doubt at all that, within a very short time, in every part of Africa which is nominally still under United Kingdom sovereignty, African nationalist Governments will be in power. Regrets for the past, doubts and fears (or optimistic hopes) for the ultimate future, are at present irrelevant. It is the immediate, swift urgency of the actual process of the transfer of power with which I am now concerned.

We are not, after all, without experience. In 1945-46 no responsible person really doubted that, within a measurable period of time, power would be fully transferred in British India to Indian hands. This was the declared purpose of the British Government, it was their long-established pledge, and they had every intention of fulfilling it. The only problem was that of effecting the transfer in an orderly and peaceful manner. Haste, burning haste, turned an administrative problem into an appalling human tragedy. An inflexible Muslim minority refused to accept any and every constitutional safeguard against Hindu domination that supple and skilled minds could devise. Perhaps they were wrongheaded; perhaps they were stubborn and unduly suspicious; perhaps a divided Pakistan is in no sense a permanently viable State.

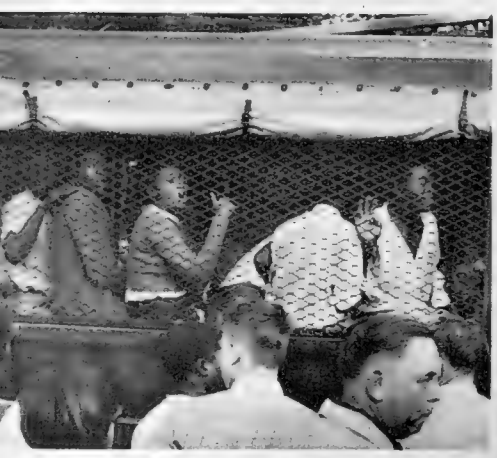
Independence and partition were achieved at breakneck speed. The mourners, the refugees, the maimed and the dispossessed—in millions—were those who paid the price of that speed. Both new States came to the edge of complete administrative collapse, and only survived because of the courage and skill of officials and officers—both Indian and Pakistani—who had behind them a strong tradition of administrative efficiency and independence of decision. The simple question has to be asked: does such a cadre of African officials exist? If it does not, and if haste precipitates a catastrophe, the victims, it is worth stating quite clearly, will be British civilians. And the sooner we all face the naked urgency of this issue, without pretence or evasion, the better.

INCIDENT AT BLANTYRE

A Violent Demonstration During Mr. Macmillan's Tour of Nyasaland

At Blantyre, during his tour of Nyasaland, Mr. Macmillan was the object of a hostile demonstration, which quickly turned into a scuffle between members of the police cordon and about 100 Africans. As the Prime Minister arrived at a hotel to attend a civic luncheon, the crowd produced banners and placards and chanted slogans. These mainly called for the release of Dr. Banda or attacked the Monckton Commission. Mr. Macmillan could see the scuffling through the window of the room in which he was lunching. A number of demonstrators were driven away in vans. The incident was halted by heavy rain.

Press reports reaching Britain led to questions being asked in the House of Commons about the incident. Speaking in the Commons, Mr. John Dugdale, a former Labour Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, said that some of the Press reports stated the police behaved with truculence and stupidity. The Liberal Party tabled a motion deploring the events in Blantyre, stating that "African men and women were beaten, injured and arrested by the police." Mr. Iain Macleod, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, said that he had asked the Governor of Nyasaland for a report on the incident and that he would make a statement after he had studied it.



A HOSTILE AND VIOLENT DEMONSTRATION IN BLANTYRE: *Left*—Some of the arrested demonstrators in Nyasaland are driven away in a small van after incidents outside the hotel at which Mr. Macmillan was attending a civic luncheon. *Right*—A cordon of police endeavour to hold back the Africans, who were attempting to break through. It was reported that only about 100 people were involved in the scuffles, the rest of the crowd being content to watch. The demonstrators screamed slogans and waved placards.

SCUFFLING OUTSIDE THE HOTEL: Nyasaland police push back the demonstrators in Blantyre. It was reported that the Africans restricted their tactics to shouting and trying to knock off the policemen's caps. There were reports in the British Press that much of the violence was provoked by the attitude of the police who were involved in the incident.

ARRIVING IN NYASALAND: Mr. Macmillan walks with Sir Robert Armitage at Chileka Airport. There were vehement demonstrations on his arrival.

DEFIANT DEMONSTRATORS DURING DAYS OF MOUNTING TENSION: A dense crowd surges along the Avenue Pasteur and heads towards the War Memorial in Algiers, after breaking through a cordon of paratroopers. In nearby streets fighting was in progress between French settlers and security police. On the first day of the insurrection against President de Gaulle's Algerian policy at least twenty-seven people were killed. Many more were injured. The violence precipitated the most serious crisis for de Gaulle.

INSURRECTION IN ALGIERS

Bloodshed at the Barricades in Opposition to de Gaulle's North African Policy

At the end of last month headlines once again proclaimed "Algeria In Ferment." The origins of the 1960 crisis can be taken to date from September 16, last year. On that day President de Gaulle made his long-awaited pronouncement on the future of Algeria. He said that all the Algerians should have the right of self-determination within four years of the restoration of peace between the authorities and the Algerian Nationalists.

If these circumstances of peace were fulfilled the President offered the people of Algeria three choices: First, secession. Algerians could, if they wished, become entirely independent from France. Second, complete identification with France, with the implication of complete equality of rights. The term used by the President was *Francisation* (Frenchification). Third, government by Algerians associated with France. In this last case there would be close relationship with France in the fields of economy, education, defence and foreign relations.

At once it became clear that the only choice acceptable to the European settlers (the "Colonists") was Frenchification. These families, with long traditions in Algeria, claimed that they had developed the country for France. Further, they would have it remembered, it was their attitude towards the Pflimlin Government in Paris in May, 1958 and the subsequent Algerian uprising,

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE BARRICADES GO UP: Young members of settler families tear up paving-stones for use in the construction of barricades in the Rue Michelet. This main thoroughfare was one of the centres of the street fighting in Algiers.

CONSOLIDATING THEIR POSITION: After a night of heavy fighting, insurgents collect materials to repair and strengthen their fortifications. Other evidence of feeling against de Gaulle included barricades in Oran and a general strike which affected several Algerian cities.

RESISTANCE CONTINUES: Another barricade is prepared. It is being erected in the Avenue Pasteur. On Tuesday of last week, two days after the outbreak of the violence, it was reported about 2,000 insurgents were behind the barricades in various parts of Algiers.

BLOOD OF "A HERO": A Tricolour allegedly stained with the blood of an insurgent killed in the street fighting is planted on a barricade near the University building in Algiers. Paratroops of the French Foreign Legion, brought to the city, are in the foreground.

THE DISMISSED ALGERIAN LEADER: On the lorry of a paratroop unit patrolling the streets is a picture of General Massu. His dismissal from the military command of the Central Algerian Zone was the immediate cause of the uprising by the settlers.

INSURRECTION IN ALGIERS

(*Continued from previous page*)

which had paved the way for the return to power of General de Gaulle and the evolution of the Fifth Republic.

By the New Year the rumblings of a storm were increasingly audible. President de Gaulle was making it plain that he intended to stand by his three-choice Algerian policy. At the end of last month the clouds burst.

The immediate occasion concerned General Massu, the military commander of the Central Algerian Zone. In 1940 he was one of the French "few" who joined de Gaulle, and since then he had been regarded as a fervent Gaullist. The part of this paratroop general in the events of May, 1958 was very considerable. Since then the settlers in Algeria have always looked upon him as their spokesman.

On January 19, it was reported that Massu had been ordered to Paris. Correspondents stated that he was to be asked to explain alleged strictures he had made to the representative of a West German newspaper (the *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, of Munich) criticising the de Gaulle Algerian policy. (What Massu did say is a point on which historians in the future may disagree.) Nevertheless, the outcome was the sensational news that the General had been dismissed from his command and would not be permitted to return to Algeria.

The storm then broke in Algiers with a bitter ferocity. Thousands of settlers demonstrated against what they regarded as injustice to their hero, Massu. Soon, in a tradition which has become tragically recurrent in the history of French internal politics, barricades were being manned. January 24 was a day of street fighting with heavy casualties. A state of siege was declared. An appeal from President de Gaulle denouncing the rising as "a foul blow against the French in Algeria" and calling on those concerned to "rejoin the nation" went, apparently, unheeded.

By January 26 the situation would have been absurd, if it had not been disastrous. The settlers appeared to have been organised into units prepared to stand siege behind their barricades. Many of them, being Reservists or Territorials, were in uniform. Regular troops and security police were forming cordons to keep the public away from the insurgent strongpoints. But the besieged apparently were receiving sympathy and supplies from thousands of inhabitants who, somehow, had little difficulty in passing the cordons to reach them.

M. Debré, the French Premier, having flown by night to Algiers to confer with the military authorities, returned rapidly to Paris. His reports to President de Gaulle were believed to have indicated that the attitude of the Army in Algiers was by no means to be taken for granted. As observers pointed out, French Regulars had not opened fire on fellow Frenchmen for fifty years. Was the present French Army in Algiers likely to go against this tradition

NO EASING OF THE TENSION: The camera looks down on a barricade in the Rue Michelet as another day dawns. By the middle of last week there was a Press censorship on news from Algeria. In the capital itself it seemed that many of the insurgents were wearing their military uniforms as Reservists. A vital question was the attitude of the Regular Army. Although the military authorities had at first condemned the settlers, there were doubts whether French troops would be prepared, if necessary, to fire on fellow Frenchmen.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN UNIFORM: "Territorials" or civilian volunteers who do occasional guard and convoy duty, lead a protest march as the crisis mounts for Algeria and the future of President de Gaulle. Uniformed Reservists were active in these demonstrations.

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY: Security police and gendarmerie are brought to form a cordon on the steps leading to the Forum in Algiers. Nearby are the headquarters of the Government-General, from which Algeria is administered, and the War Memorial.

"THE IMPERIAL CROWN": Mr. Nehru dons this ornate head-dress during a visit in Delhi to dancers from Kerala, in south India, who took part in the celebrations of India's Republic Day.

MR. NEHRU'S HAT-TRICK

Mr. Nehru is a keen patron of folk dancing. Last month, when dancers from many parts of India were gathered in the capital for Independence Day, it was not surprising that the Prime Minister should visit them. In the camps of the contingents he put on a variety of head-dresses, some of them very ornate, and joined the dancers in performances. Altogether there were 800 dancers in Delhi to take part in the celebrations on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the Indian Republic. They followed a parade of the armed forces in passing the dais on which President Prasad took the salute. Among the distinguished guests were President Voroshilov and other members of the Russian delegation visiting India. The men and women dancing and singing contrasted with the service detachments of tanks and camels, lancers and ski troops, sailors and airmen which had preceded them. A truly Oriental touch was given to the proceedings by the preliminary patrol of Air Force helicopters which flew over the route of the parade scattering petals on the vast crowd. In the cultural part of the parade there were also elephants and floats from the various States. The demonstration ended with a fly-past by jet aircraft of the Indian Air Force.

WITH A TROUPE FROM THE NORTH: Garlanded and wearing a tasselled cap, the Indian Prime Minister joins girls from the Kulu Valley in a dance in Delhi. Contingents of folk dancers from all over the country were brought to the capital for the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Republic of India. They participated in the cultural pageant following a military parade.

IN MILITANT AND CONTEMPLATIVE MOODS: *Above*—While visiting the Bombay contingent of dancers, Mr. Nehru has put on a type of turban and brandishes a sword and shield in a war dance. *On left*—With the same troupe, the Premier poses in a hat surmounted by peacock feathers, the symbol of a Holy Man.

THE TEMPLES AND SHRINES AT PASHUPATINATH: It is the most holy centre in Nepal for Hindus, and is situated about three miles from Katmandu, the capital of Nepal, on the sacred River Bagmati. No European is permitted in the precincts of the main temple of Mahadeva, whose most beloved animal was the bull Nandi. In the inner courtyard is a gilt statue of the bull. *Left*—In front of one of the Hindu temples of Katmandu are statues of sacred animals.

LAND OF THE GURKHAS

Scenes in the Kingdom of Nepal and its Capital, Katmandu

At the beginning of February, Marshal Voroshilov, the Soviet President, is due to spend two days in Nepal after his State visit to India. This neatly underlines the somewhat difficult position of this Sovereign State sandwiched between the northern provinces of India and Tibet controlled by the Chinese. On the one hand Nepal, the home of the Gurkhas, has strong links with India and Britain, and on the other it is being courted by the Soviet Union, with economic and technical assistance. Last year, Russia joined Britain and India in having embassies in Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. Other countries accredit their ambassadors to Katmandu and Delhi concurrently.

It seems possible that Nepal will come more frequently into the news in the future, with the other countries which provide a buffer between Communist expansion and India—Afghanistan, Kashmir, Sikkim and Bhutan. There are reports of fighting in Afghanistan between tribesmen of the Kandahar Province and the Army carrying out the official pro-Russian policy. Although there appears to be no overt opposition in Nepal to the Russians, the markets and bazaars of Katmandu have been full of rumours for many months. Refugees are still reaching the capital from Tibet, after struggling over the bleak Himalayan passes. Some have brought stories that Chinese infiltration has already started on the Tibet-Nepal border in Sola Khumbu (the Everest region). Since very little reliable information reaches the West from these remote regions, it is impossible to evaluate the rumours.

Nepal is still little known. Its capital Katmandu is generally thought of as the starting point for expeditions to climb Everest, on its northern border, and other Himalayan peaks. The three main towns of the State, Katmandu, Patan, and Batgaon, still present a medieval appearance, with their bazaars, narrow streets, and many temples. There are, side by side, shrines of the Buddhists and Hindus, ornately and richly decorated with statues and carvings. Not long ago, India helped to build the only modern road in Nepal, from Katmandu southwards; to cover a distance of 18 miles, it travels 85 miles up and down precipitous hillsides.

Continued on following pages)

AT THE MARKET IN KATMANDU: In the Durbar Square, Nepalese sit on the ground as they sell their wares. Left is a Hindu temple above a row of shops. The carved dragons and winged horses are from the period, 200 or 300 years ago, of Newar art, when Katmandu was at the height of its glory.

(*Continued from previous page*)

Now the Russians are to construct a 500-mile-long road from west to east through Nepal.

But in the valley of Katmandu, nearly everything is still carried by porter. No bullock carts are used, since the bull is a sacred animal. For many of the 8,000,000 people of Nepal, life still follows the patterns formed centuries ago. Originally they were divided into numerous clans and petty principalities, one of which, the Gurkhas, became predominant. Relations between Nepal and Britain were cemented in the days of the British rule of India, during which time officers stationed in Nepal came to consider the Gurkhas some of the finest of soldiers. They fought for Britain in both the world wars.

To this day, the words Gurkha and Katmandu have a romantic ring, full of echoes of the days of the British Raj. Probably in many village halls in Britain, the poem is still recited of the exploits of a subaltern at Katmandu :

There 's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Katmandu,
There 's a little marble cross below the town,
And a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of " mad " Carew
While the yellow god for ever gazes down.

But although parts of Nepal and its capital may have changed little in outward appearance, the ways of life of the Nepalese are slowly altering. With Indian and Russian help, new roads, new hospitals and hydro-electric plant are being built, and there is now an airfield at Katmandu.

Nepal has passed through a stormy period of internal politics as well. In 1950, a palace revolution started. Since 1846, the Kings of Nepal had been mere titular heads of the State, rarely seen in public, since they were regarded as reincarnations of the god Vishnu. All political power was concentrated in the hands of the Ranas, a wealthy land-owning family, the head of which held the hereditary offices of Prime Minister and C.-in-C. of the Army. In 1947 a new constitution of Nepal was proposed, but the proposals were rejected by the Rana family, who insisted that they should nominate a majority. There followed a confused period of several years, in which members of the Rana family joined in a subversive movement against the ruling head.

After King Tribhuvana had taken refuge in India and then returned, a constitutional monarchy was proclaimed in 1951 and the last Rana Prime Minister resigned. But the difficulties were by no means ended. Various parties and factions tried their hands at ruling, but without lasting success. As Crown Prince, King Mahendra dismissed the Cabinet and instituted direct rule. A few days later he succeeded his father as King. Direct rule continued until 1956, when Tanka Prasad Acharya became Prime Minister. He held office until 1957.

The era was ended when, in February of last year, King Mahendra officially promulgated the country's first Constitution. Voting in the State's first general elections started immediately afterwards, the 109 seats in the Lower House being contested by over 800 candidates. The result was a victory for the Nepali Congress, who won over two-thirds of the seats. This is a moderate Socialist organisation, which played a leading part in the 1950-51 Revolution, led by Mr. B. P. Koirala. He became Prime Minister last May.

Although it appears that Nepal's uncertainty over its internal politics has ended, this historic kingdom is by no means free of difficulties. It is to be hoped that King Mahendra's State visit to Britain this October will further cement the traditional friendship of the two countries.

TILLING THE GROUND BY HAND: In the valley of Katmandu, two-handed spades have been used for generations to dig up the land, since no ploughing in the valley may be done by bullock. There is a religious taboo forbidding the use of the bull as a beast of burden, because the most beloved animal of Mahadeva was the bull Nandi, whose statue is at Pashupatinath. Nearly everything is carried by porter.

AT PRAYER BY THE SIDE OF THE SACRED RIVER: A Nepalese Hindu sits cross-legged by the side of the Bagmati during morning prayer. The people are either Buddhist or Hindu. The Gurkhas form the most prominent clan.

LAND OF THE GURKHAS

OVER THE ROOFS OF KATMANDU: Above the capital of Nepal rises the Royal Palace, which was built in 1549. For centuries the kingdom, lying between India and Tibet, has been governed by kings who ruled as reincarnations of the god Vishnu. From 1846 to their overthrow in 1951 the country was virtually ruled by hereditary Prime Ministers, who held the hereditary post of Prime Minister. The first general elections in Nepal were held last year.

THE HIGHEST TEMPLE IN NEPAL: In Badgaon is Nyatapola, a pagoda of Shiva. Flanking the steps are various statues. From the bottom they represent the two jugglers, Jaya and Phatta Mallas, believed to have ten times the strength of ordinary men; two elephants a further ten times stronger; two lions ten times stronger still; two griffins yet ten times stronger; and the goddesses Singhini and Bahini.

FLOWERS FROM THE SCILLIES

Growing Flowers is the Main Industry of the Islands; Speculations Concerning the Lost Land of Lyonesse, Lying Between the Scillies and the Tip of Cornwall

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

UNDER the shallow waters between the mainland and the Isles of Scilly lies the lost land of Lyonesse. The Rev. Mr. Lach-Szyrma has suggested that it is easy enough to understand how the legend arose: " Let anyone stand on the hills of Sennen or St. Just, Land's End or Chapel Carn Brea, on a clear, calm summer's evening, and watch the western sun sink into the bosom of the Atlantic, when, like hilltops sunk in a vast deluge, the islets of Scilly just rise over the waves, and the fable of Lyonesse must dawn on his mind, even if he had never heard of it." I have stood so on just such an evening, and I think that that is true. But the Saxon Chronicle does not regard the land of Lyonesse as legendary. On the contrary, it is quite specific. It records that on November 11, 1099, a great flood, a monstrous wall of water, overwhelmed the land, drowning the towns and villages, submerging 140 parish churches, and drowning the people. Only one man escaped. He, riding a swift white horse, just outpaced the floodwaters and reached the safety of Sennen cliffs.

Two Cornish families, the Trevilians and the Vyvyans, claim descent from that fortunate refugee. Their family accounts of the disaster differ slightly. In that of the Trevilians, the man is said to have had time to remove his family and his cattle, though he himself at the last had to fly with all the speed that a fleet horse could give him. This implies that, to begin with at any rate, the encroachment of the waters was gradual. The Vyvyan tradition is closer to that of the Saxon Chronicle in that it makes no mention of family or cattle. It is worth noting, by the way, that the Vyvyans of Trelowarren have owned land near Land's End for close upon 900 years—and maybe longer—and that the family crest is a white horse, saddled but riderless. There is also a family tradition that for many centuries a white horse was kept saddled in the stables, ready for just such another emergency.

What is one to make of all this? Obviously, one cannot swallow the Saxon Chronicle account whole, the precise date and all that. And, with apologies to all Vyvyans, I take leave to doubt the white horse. But that does not mean that we must scrap the whole legend. There can, surely, be no doubt that the Isles of Scilly are the granite peaks of a drowned country, which was once connected with the mainland of Britain. But when did the separation occur? I have seen it suggested somewhere that it must have been many thousands of years ago. The Scilly Shrew, *Crocidura cassiteridum*, was, I remember, put forward in support of this theory. The Scilly Shrew, which is peculiar to the Scillies (it is found nowhere else), was discovered on Gugh by the zoologist W. N. Blair, in 1924. Presumably it is a sub-species formed by isolation, and I suppose that that must take a very long time. But the Scilly Shrew is not a sub-species of any of the English shrews, but of a Continental shrew. I do not know what one is to make of that in relation to the separation of the islands from the mainland of Britain.

Personally, I am a firm believer in the land of Lyonesse. I think that the Saxon Chronicle is recording a folk memory. But I have a personal theory that the land of Lyonesse, the land which was swamped by the sea, was not the land between the Isles of Scilly and Cornwall, but the central plain of the islands themselves. If you stand on the high ground of St. Mary's, the largest island, if you stand on Garrison Hill, which overlooks Hugh Town, the capital of the islands, you can get a view which embraces all the islands and reveals a good deal of their history.

In the foreground are the small flower-fields of St. Mary's with their hedges of escallonia, laurel, tamarisk, veronica or pittosporum: beyond lie the Eastern Isles, then St. Martin's, Tean, St. Helen's (with the lighthouse tower on Round Island showing beyond it), then Tresco, the green hills of Bryher, and Samson with its twin brown peaks. To the south-west lie Gugh and St. Agnes, Annet (the bird island) and the fanged rocks of the Western Isles. Away in the distance, seemingly much, much farther away than it really is, is the slender spire of the Bishop, perched on its isolated granite rock.

IN THE ISLES OF SCILLY: On the island of Tresco, the flower fields are neatly divided into sections by strong, high hedges, which act as windbreaks. Approximately 1,000 tons of flowers are sent each year from the Scillies to the mainland. This adds up approximately to 63,000,000 blooms. The flower season lasts from November to April.

There are also points on Bryher, St. Martin's, and Tresco from which you can get good panoramic views of the archipelago. Each is a little different, but all have one thing in common, the central, almost the inland, sea. And, if you walk about on the islands, you cannot but notice that some of the walls (all the islands have ancient walls criss-crossing them) run away across the flats exposed at low tide, presumably across land which was once above sea-level, above high-water mark, and which was once under cultivation, else why the walls? In some cases you can walk at the lowest ebb of the spring tides, getting no more than your feet wet, from some of the islands to others: perhaps this is becoming a little easier than it used to be, for though the thunderous Atlantic erodes bits of the rock every year, it also piles up sand. I think that there was once a central Scillonian plain, flat and low-lying, a little marshy perhaps, but grassy and fertile, and that the memory of it and its submergence beneath the sea is enshrined in the legend.

The first time I went, it came as quite a shock to me to find that Scillonians, on the whole, take a pretty dim view of the sea. I expected to find them sailors and fishermen. I thought, I don't know why, that the flower industry was something that had been grafted on, something more or less in the hands of outsiders. To-day, there is virtually no fishing industry, and though the men of the out-islands use small boats much as men on the mainland might use bicycles or motor-cars, they do not, it seems to me, take that traditional delight in deep water which one is led to expect of island folk. Actually, I am not at all sure that fishing was ever an industry on the islands, although fish have always been caught for home consumption. But there was once a much deeper interest in the sea than there is to-day.

Smuggling was for long *the* industry. In the eighteenth century almost every man and woman on the islands was engaged in it. There was also a passionate interest in wrecks. Parson Troutbeck's addition to the Litany is well known: " We pray thee, O Lord, not that wrecks should happen, but that if wrecks do happen, Thou wilt guide them into the Scilly Isles for the benefit of the poor inhabitants." The poor inhabitants of the islands did not place all their trust in the Lord: they had a firm conviction that God helps those that help themselves.

But, though smuggling involving deep-water journeys to France, many of them by row-boat, was a paying proposition, farming has, I think, been the basic industry of the islands from time immemorial. In the days of the windjammer the roadsteads were a favourite anchorage for ships awaiting a favourable wind to take them up the Channel, and the islanders would sell them produce: so much produce that they were often in danger of starving themselves. Augustus Smith, " Emperor " Smith, a benevolent, if unpopular, autocrat, who really loved his islands, put the farming on a sound basis, improving the cattle, and so on, and laid the foundation for the modern prosperity.

But he did not, as is so often thought, found or organise the flower industry, which is the keystone of the modern prosperity. That grew up later under his nephew. It started more or less by accident. About the year 1879 one William Trevellick packed some early daffodils into his Aunt Ellen's hatbox and sent them off to Covent Garden, having been told that the English paid money for cut-flowers. Rather to his surprise he got paid for them. The first box fetched him only 7s. 6d., but the price rose quickly and the fourth box brought him three pounds. That was the start of a trade which has changed the face of the islands and brought to the islanders undreamed-of prosperity. To-day the Isles of Scilly despatch roughly a thousand tons of flowers a year to the mainland. They do so in their own steamer, especially built for the job at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds. Perhaps a thousand tons does not mean very much to you in terms of flowers: it did not to me. Well, there are 220 boxes of flowers to a ton: there are twenty-four bunches of flowers in every box, and there are twelve flowers in every bunch. You are now in a position to do the arithmetic.

The season lasts from November to April, starting with the little Soleil d'Or (known as Sols on the islands) and ending with ixias and tulips. All the flowers are grown naturally, but you do not see anything as colourful as the bulb-fields of Lincolnshire. If you do see a field with the flowers in full bloom, then you will find a very worried (and, as likely as not, very irritable) grower: for this would only mean either that the prices in Covent Garden or the markets of the Midlands and the North are so low that it does not pay to pick them or that he has not been able to pick them in time, that they have matured too quickly. Normally, the flowers, planted in the open, remain in the fields until the buds are ready to burst. They are then picked and placed in cold greenhouses to mature. It is these greenhouses, rather than the fields, which so well repay a visit. So does the quay at Hugh Town (though you may have to get up very early in the morning), not because you will see flowers, but because you will see the most amazing assortment of vehicles and a pretty assortment of hats. " Pretty " is perhaps not really the right word.

So far as the outward aspects of prosperity are concerned, the Isles of Scilly are misleading. The low granite farmhouses sometimes appear to be little more than cottages; there is none of the graciousness of those of Wiltshire or Hampshire or Somerset or Dorset, and the farms by comparison are tiny, too. After all, the whole of St. Mary's is only 1,600 acres. But go inside: you will find that there is every modern convenience that you can possibly imagine. You may also be struck, sometimes, by some of the furniture: the figureheads in that fantastic museum on Tresco were not the only things saved from wrecks.

But to get a proper appreciation of the prosperity of these little islands look at the shops in Hugh Town. Hugh Town may be the capital of the islands, but it is, in fact, only a small village. You would expect the shops to be well stocked for the tourist season (which, I imagine, is almost as profitable as the flower industry), but they are well stocked throughout the year, and with the sort of goods you would expect to find in the fine shops of Bournemouth or Torquay. There 's money in flowers.

ENTHRONEMENT AT NORWICH

Princess Margaret Attends the Installation of the New Bishop

THE NEW BISHOP ENTHRONED: Dr. Fleming is seated on the ancient throne in the apse behind the high altar. He is the first Bishop to be enthroned on this ancient chair for about 400 years. Originally the throne of Herbert de Losinga, the first Bishop of Norwich in the late eleventh century, it has recently been completely restored.

AT THE WEST DOOR: The Right Rev. W. L. S. Fleming gives the traditional three knocks with his pastoral staff at the start of the service. His enthronement by the Archdeacon of Canterbury took place in the presence of Princess Margaret and a large congregation.

Dr. Launcelot Fleming, who is aged fifty-three, and who has been translated from Portsmouth to Norwich, was consecrated Bishop in 1949, sixteen years after his ordination as Deacon. From 1934-37 he was chaplain and geologist with the British Graham Land Expedition to the Antarctic, and during the war he served as a naval chaplain. Later, towards the end of his tenure as Dean and Chaplain of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he became a director of the Scott Polar Research Institute. When he was enthroned at Portsmouth in 1949, the Royal Navy as usual played a prominent part in the ceremony and in his honour the Commander-in-Chief gave permission for men of H.M.S. *Collingwood* to arrange the floodlighting of the cathedral. Last week, his enthronement at Norwich was marked by the presence in the cathedral of Princess Margaret and by the reintroduction into the service of the ancient Saxon throne which occupies a prominent position in the apse behind the altar. The Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Ven. Alexander Sargent, conducted the actual installation, and at the close of the service the newly-enthroned Bishop gave his blessing from the throne to the congregation.

AFTER THE SERVICE OF ENTHRONEMENT: *Left*—The Bishop, in company with his chaplains and other clergy, walks in procession from the altar before being presented to the public. *Right*—Princess Margaret is accompanied to the west door by the Dean, the Very Rev. Norman Hook. Sandringham, the Norfolk home of the Royal Family, lies within the diocese of Norwich. Dr. Fleming, who has been translated from Portsmouth, succeeds Dr. Percy M. Herbert, who had been Bishop of Norwich since 1942.

EMERGENCY AT THE PITHEAD: Miners and surface workers move urgently about the task of repairing the fan-house, the walls of which were blown out by the air expelled by rock-falls in the workings of Clydesdale Colliery, at Coalbrook, in the north of the Orange Free State. Repairs to the fan-house enabled rescue workers to make fresh attempts to reach the 435 men trapped 500 ft. underground. But there were more subsidences and the water-level rose steadily. An attempt was then made to drill down towards the miners.

WAITING FOR NEWS ON THE SURFACE: Native mineworkers, many of them wrapped in blankets, who were off duty when the disaster at the Clydesdale Colliery occurred, are seen at the pithead. Dr. Verwoerd, the South African Prime Minister, said that the trapped men included six white men and 429 Africans, of whom 125 were from Mozambique and the rest from Basutoland. Although the men had been underground for nearly a week, efforts were continued to reach them by drilling a borehole with a high-speed diamond drill.

PIT DISASTER IN SOUTH AFRICA

Attempts to Reach 435 Miners Trapped in the Clydesdale Colliery

PREPARING TO GO DOWN: Rescue teams adjust their oxygen respirators before making a fresh attempt to clear the rubble. With the repair of the fan-house and the restarting of the ventilation fans, their task was made easier. But they had to traverse more than a mile of tunnels to reach the rock-face and later the teams abandonded their attempts.

In Clydesdale Colliery, at Coalbrook, in the Orange Free State, 435 miners were trapped underground when there were extensive rock falls which blocked the workings. So huge were the falls that they drove air through the passages with enough force to blow out the walls of the fan-house at the pithead, to cause cracks in the roads in the area of up to a foot wide, and to shake the whole countryside for miles around. Fresh falls, rising water and air contaminated with methane and carbon monoxide meant that rescue attempts to clear a passage round the falls had to be abandoned. A high-speed diamond drill was brought from Transvaal in an attempt to drill a borehole 500 ft. down to the trapped men. This would enable air, water and supplies to reach the men. Extra equipment was flown from the United States. But the work was taking much longer than expected, and after the miners had been trapped underground for a week, they had still not been reached.

Clydesdale Collieries (Transvaal), the owners of the mine, are a subsidiary of the South African and General Investment and Trust Company Ltd. It was not known how extensive the original subsidences were, but it was estimated that they occurred more than a mile from the pithead and that there were over 8,000 tons of rock, coal and dust blocking the tunnels.

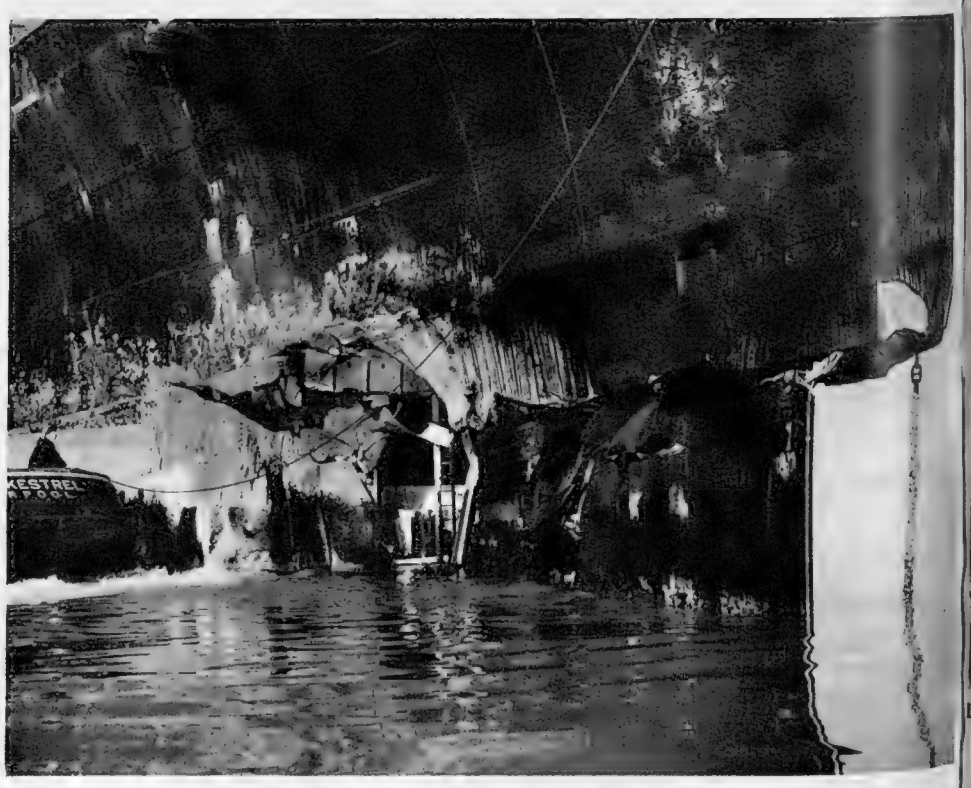
The last major mine disaster occurred in Belgium in 1956 when 263 workers died after being trapped for many days in the Bitter Heart pit. Fourteen years before that, occurred the worst of all mine disasters, when 1,549 miners died in the Honkeiko colliery in Manchuria.

AFTER A COLLISION OFF RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT: Tugs manœuvre the *Santa Alicia* in the harbour at Southampton, where she was taken after the collision with the tanker *Gorm*. Her bows are severely damaged near the waterline. The collision occurred at about 2 a.m. on Monday of last week.

STILL AFLOAT

Two Vessels Sustain Severe Damage in a Collision in the Solent

There were no casualties and the *Santa Alicia* and the *Gorm* reached port safely after they had collided in the Solent in the small hours of Monday morning last week. Both vessels were badly damaged. They had been locked together for five-and-a-half hours, and tugs had struggled to prevent them drifting aground on dangerous sandbanks nearby. There was a grave risk of fire while the ships were jammed together. As a safety precaution, twenty of the crew of the *Santa Alicia* were taken off by the Royal Navy which had four vessels in attendance soon after the collision. The bows of the *Gorm*, a Norwegian tanker bound for Southampton with over 16,000 tons of oil, were almost sliced off by the *Santa Alicia*. The tanker, with the assistance of two tugs, eventually limped into Fawley to discharge her cargo of fuel oil. The *Santa Alicia*, which is an American dry-cargo ship, arrived back at Southampton after the collision. Fourteen hours before, she had left with a cargo of general goods. Returning stern first under tow, the *Santa Alicia* entered a ship repairer's yard with 50 ft. of her bows torn open along the waterline.



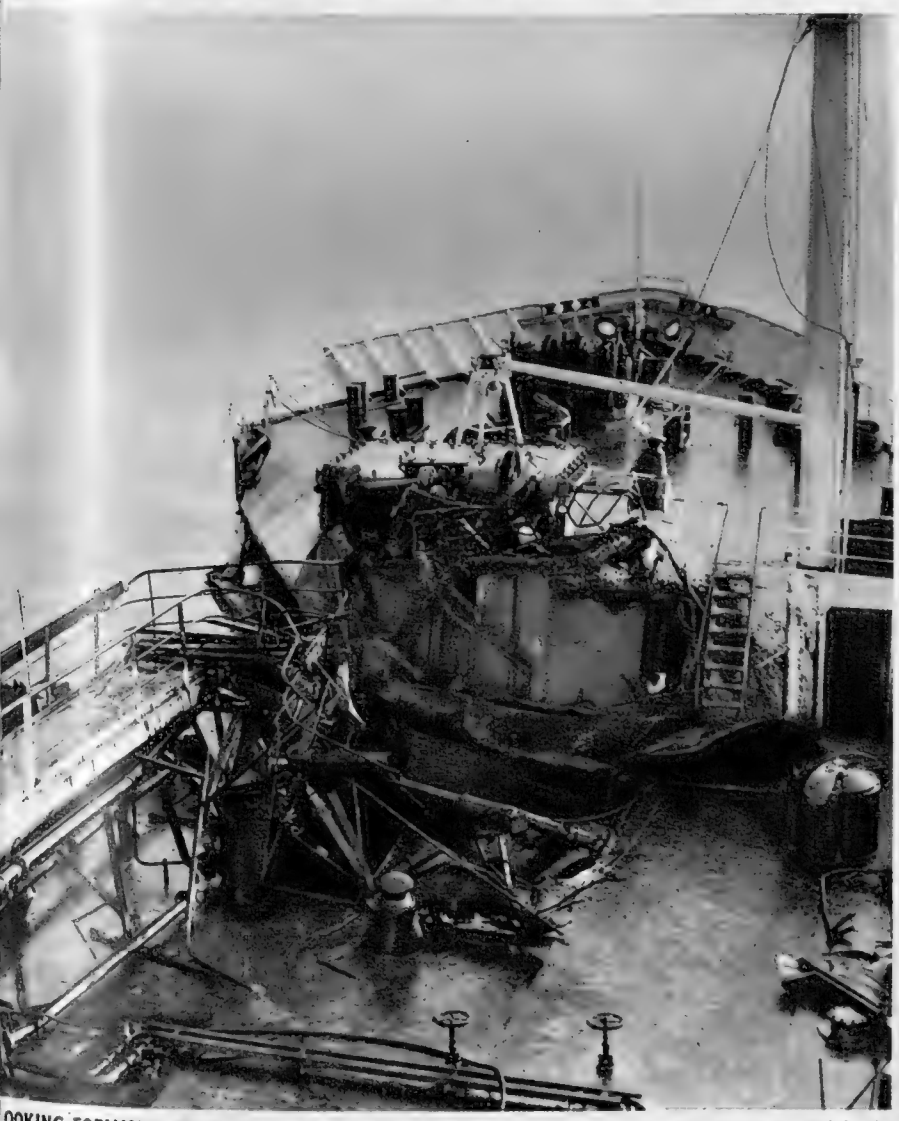
DAMAGE TO THE "SANTA ALICIA": A section of the bows is almost completely torn away; ribs are broken and plates are buckled. *Right* is another view of the damage to the cargo vessel caused by the collision in the Solent.

BADLY DOWN BY THE HEAD: The Norwegian tanker *Gorm*, loaded with about 16,000 tons of oil, lies in Cowes Roads after the collision. Her forepart is badly holed and she has a heavy list to port. After impact the two vessels remained locked together for over five hours. They drifted out of control and only the efforts of several tugs stopped them from grounding on nearby sandbanks. There was a risk of fire from sparks from the grinding metals reaching the tanker's cargo. Twenty of the crew of the *Santa Alicia* were taken off.

Below—

THE CRIPPLED TANKER: Two tugs attend the *Gorm*. On her port side, forward, is the great gash where she was rammed by the *Santa Alicia*. The sea washes over her deck. After the ships were separated the *Santa Alicia* was towed back to Southampton. The *Gorm* was taken to Fawley, where she unloaded her cargo of oil.

DAMAGE TO THE "GORM": The forward section of the tanker is almost completely wrecked. Her bows were nearly sliced off in the collision with the *Santa Alicia*. Three hours before the collision took place the Navy warned shipping of a faulty marker buoy in the vicinity.



LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE TANKER'S BRIDGE: Another view showing the damage which the *Gorm* sustained. There was a pilot aboard each vessel when the collision occurred. People five miles away heard the sound of the impact. There was no fog at the time.

A MANSION WITH A HISTORY IN ONE OF LONDON'S OPEN SPACES: Restoration is being carried out on Ranger's House, the front of which is seen here looking on Blackheath. The original building dates from the late seventeenth century. In ensuing years it was remodelled and enlarged. In 1815 the mansion passed to the Crown and became the residence for the Ranger of Greenwich Park. In 1902 it was acquired by the L.C.C. as refreshment rooms and changing rooms. War damage and dry-rot have necessitated repair

RESTORATION AT BLACKHEATH

A Historic House in S.E. London

Since the beginning of the century the public has enjoyed the use of Ranger's House in Blackheath, on the edge of Greenwich Park. Before it was acquired by the London County Council in 1902, the mansion had had a number of distinguished occupants. Parts of it date from the late seventeenth century and it was originally known as Chesterfield House. Philip Dormer Stanhope, 4th Earl of Chesterfield, became the owner on the death of his brother in 1748, and in the rooms at Blackheath may well have penned some of his letters to his natural son. He also laid out a fine garden. The house became Crown property and the official residence of the Ranger of Greenwich Park in 1815. Later in the nineteenth century it was a "Grace and Favour" house. Occupants included Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley and Queen Victoria's third son, the Duke of Connaught.

After its acquisition by the L.C.C., the Council's Parks Committee converted the rooms for use as refreshment rooms and as changing rooms for those participating in sports in the surrounding open spaces. Considerable damage was suffered by the building during the last war and the fabric has also been attacked by dry-rot. Recently the house was closed for extensive restoration. When the repairs are completed, the ground floor will have refreshment rooms and, in the old Ball Room, accommodation for meetings, concerts and exhibitions. An Area Office of the Architect's Department will be transferred to the basement and part of the first floor.

THE REAR OF RANGER'S HOUSE: The view is from Greenwich Park. In the eighteenth century the mansion was known as Chesterfield House. Among its occupants was the fourth Earl of Chesterfield, author of the famous letters to his natural son.

PANORAMA OF GREENWICH PARK: The picture was taken from the top floor of the house. Besides refreshment and changing rooms, the restored building will provide accommodation for meetings, concerts and exhibitions. Some of the rooms will be an Area Office for the L.C.C. Architect's Department.

REDECORATION: The wood of a window is being painted in the South Wing, which is known as the Gallery, in Ranger's House. The total cost of the restoration to the building is estimated at £35,500.

EMPHASIS ON MODERN HOUSES

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ABOUT the most expensive thing that the average citizen is liable to buy in his lifetime, and certainly the largest, is a house. It is by no means the most expensive personal possession for sale; certain makes of motor-car cost more than most middle-class houses, and jewellery can reach fabulous values. But one may perhaps assume that the purchasers of such luxuries are likely to own rather exceptionally expensive dwellings, too; moreover, none of them are exactly average. For the more modest man, a house is likely to be the only purchase costing in the region of several thousand pounds that he will ever contemplate. And contemplation may be as far as he goes: out of about 15,000,000 houses and flats in the United Kingdom, not many more than 4,000,000 are, in fact, at present owned by the people living in them.

In this fact, and in the rising personal incomes of the mass of the British people, there may lie the roots of some very significant changes in the pattern of consumers' spending during the next decade or so. As everybody knows, the biggest increases in spending during the period since the war have been on what are labelled "durable consumer goods"—cars, washing machines, refrigerators, the whole new battery of mechanical and electrical equipment that we now consider increasingly essential to our pattern of living. Huge amounts of capital have been invested in industry, and are now being ploughed in at an even greater rate, to provide those rapidly-selling articles; elaborate market research is constantly in train, using refined statistical techniques, to forecast how much more rapidly demand for them will grow as standards of living go on rising.

There is no reason to suggest that the huge numbers of these articles for which production is now being planned will not be sold; so far, the forecasts made within these industries have on balance been too modest rather than too optimistic. Nevertheless, I think it is a possibility that as incomes rise there may be superimposed upon this concentration of demand for durable consumer goods a rapidly-growing demand for the most durable consumer good of all, a dwelling. Such a progression of ownership would surely be logical. Most of these desirable gadgets and machines we have been spending our spare money on in recent years are home equipment; some of them, such as television, have been powerfully instrumental on concentrating leisure activity inside the home rather than outside it. The next major widening of consumers' ambitions to own may shift from the furnishing, embellishment, and mechanisation of the home to the home itself.

Out of the houses in Britain, nearly 8,000,000, or 60 per cent., were built before 1914; 4,000,000-odd between the wars, in what still stands as the largest rehousing drive ever achieved in this country; about 3,000,000 are post-war houses. For houses are really durable goods; the fabric of a reasonably well-built brick house may easily last eighty years and many in congested urban areas, elegant town houses as well as slum villas, are, in fact, made to last much longer. Regency and early Victorian terraced houses in the fashionable parts of London are to-day fetching £7,000-£12,000 apiece. Some houses in these areas have achieved a steady promotion in social class over the century, so that the upper middle-classes may now be glad to buy quite expensively and titivate the dwellings built a hundred years before for their great-grandfathers' grooms, fitting elaborate plumbing and modern central heating into accommodation built to the standards then considered fit for servants.

But outside these urban areas where spaces for new building are few and far between and the pressure of demand makes high prices obtainable on buildings of almost any age, to-day's demand for housing is tending to concentrate on amenities that existing dwellings do not necessarily include. A proportion of the houses built between the wars possess a garage or the space for one; very few, in Britain, are centrally heated; even fewer, among smallish houses, possess the second bathroom or separate shower room that Americans require as a matter of course, and which nowadays more British families are beginning to desire. Conversion is sometimes possible—though the grants obtainable from local authorities for the purpose will not often cover refinements of this order. But to a growing extent, over the coming years, the demand is likely to be for "modern houses for modern living."

This demand would offer, over the coming years, the chance of a substantial expansion in one of the main activities of the building industry; building private houses for sale. This has already, over the last few years, been growing in magnitude. Immediately after the war, the overwhelming majority of the houses built in this country were council houses, to replace war damage and house the "family units" who were overcrowded. These were built for the most part by private enterprise, but to designs and standards laid down by local authorities and official architects. Those were relatively high standards; some of the designs that private builders evolved to meet them have been carried over with little modification into the same builders' designs for sale, and there are cases, as at Swiss Cottage in North London, where a block of flats built by a local authority has been passed over to a private developer who, with a little embellishment, has been able to secure eager tenants for these council dwellings as luxury flats.

But as the immediate pressure for council building passed its peak the number of houses built for private owners began to grow, until in 1958 and last year it surpassed the numbers built for local authorities. Comparatively few of these are houses designed for a particular client and custom-built to his architect's plan; the majority are houses of different types put up by builders in small or large numbers and offered for sale when built. "Speculative building" is a term that acquired a partly dubious reputation between the wars, when the 3,000,000-odd houses privately built, largely in this way, included a substantial proportion where standards were skimped in order to keep up with the bitter competition in costs of the mid-'30's. But devoid of all pejorative overtones, this remains a perfectly sensible label for a kind of development where the builder engages in business not only as constructor of the houses, but also as owner and site developer. It also remains a perfectly sensible kind of building—and perhaps the only one in which the ordinary purchaser can hope to gain the advantages of efficiency in building and equipping the house that should come from quantity production and highly-organised building methods.

It has been this method of speculative building—allied nowadays with a more comprehensive acceptance of the principles of town and neighbourhood planning—that has transformed the residential areas around many American cities since the war. In Britain it is beginning once again to establish islands of mid-twentieth-century housing dotted around in the older-fashioned pattern of our towns and suburbs. Comparatively few British building companies have as yet embarked upon really comprehensive private development of a whole neighbourhood, except in certain areas of the new towns: Wates Limited's plan to develop the site of Hurst Park racecourse as a completely private estate is one of the most ambitious so far. But a substantial number of companies have been developing private housing designs which they have erected in fairly large numbers, such as Span Developments, Wimpeys, and Taylor Woodrow.

Much of this kind of housing development, as of the purchase of the houses built, is financed by the Building Society Movement. This important group of financial institutions, now possessed of total assets exceeding £2,900,000,000, with loans on mortgage of the order of £2,400,000,000, has been largely instrumental in developing home ownership in Britain, and remains immeasurably the largest credit institution involved in house purchase. Financially, it must be conservative; technically, it has a tendency to be more conservative than many would-be house purchasers and some builders would like. Under the pressure of circumstances, some societies are now reluctantly engaging in the financing of flat purchase (as Scottish societies have done for many years); but many remain adamant towards financing the purchase of any unconventionally built house, in style or materials of construction.

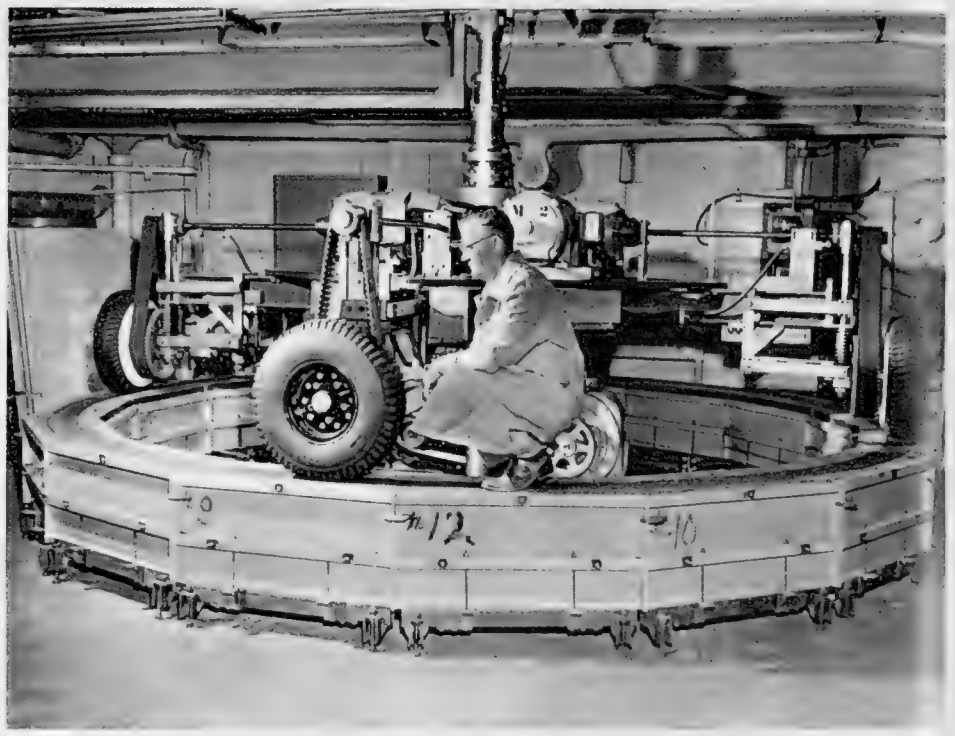
The societies' reasonable rule is that, since they might have to foreclose a mortgage, the house should be readily saleable; but in the present circumstances of high demand and of relatively few failures to complete a purchase, their anxieties often seem exaggerated. If, as seems possible, Britain may soon look forward to a boom in private housing of the order of that of the '30's, based upon a growing demand by prosperous citizens to bring their housing up to date in line with the rest of their possessions, it will depend not only upon the ingenuity of its architects and builders, but upon the lively-minded management of housing finance for this property-owning democracy.

HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN KENSINGTON: The houses on the Abbotsbury Road scheme, London, have Georgian-influenced façades. Claimed to be the largest town housing scheme since the Georgian squares a century ago, it comprises 122 houses, and is being carried out by Wates Built Homes Ltd.

ON THE DULWICH ESTATE, LONDON: The view shows the interior of the living-room, over 30 ft. long, of one of the houses on the estate being built by Wates Built Homes Ltd. The scheme comprises forty-four houses.

UNDER AN AMERICAN ROCKET BASE

Buried under the surface of Edwards' Air Force Base at Muroc, in California, the tunnel is part of an underground network which houses many hundreds of connecting pipes and wires. These aid in measuring temperature, vibration, thrust and other data as rockets are test-fired at the base. The tunnel links the rocket launching and test pads to a new concrete blockhouse which has been built by the California Technology Jet Propulsion Laboratory.



EQUIPMENT TO STUDY WEAR ON ROADS

Mr. T. L. Speer, senior engineering research supervisor for Standard Oil Company (Indiana), inspects a section of asphalt highway paving on the company's indoor road tester in the laboratories at Whiting, Indiana. The test highway is a circle of paving only 12 ins. wide and 44 ft. in circumference. Four car wheels whirl round the track continuously, electronically controlled. Sixteen types of road can be tested at one time in 3-ft. segments. The equipment permits the study of what happens to various surfaces under years of differing climatic conditions.

NEW BRIDGES AND VIADUCTS IN GERMANY

A number of new bridges and viaducts have been built, or are in the course of construction, in West Germany, both in the cities and on the autobahns and Federal roads. *Above* is the Blombachtal bridge, which carries a trunk road over the autobahn and railway near Wuppertal. A reinforced concrete structure, the bridge is 360 yards long and the crown of its arch rises over 55 yards above the valley floor. *Below* is the 400-yard-long prestressed concrete Bingen Viaduct, which was completed last year. It is one of two viaducts which have been built on Federal Road B9, carrying the heavy Rhine tourist traffic. The other viaduct is at Unkelstein, and a third is being built at Keltig. On the Rhine there is a scheme of particular interest. The two industrial towns of Ludwigshafen and Mannheim are linked by a bridge over the river. On the Ludwigshafen side the bridgehead is formed by an elevated road, in prestressed concrete, which is over half-a-mile long; on the Mannheim side there is a complex of concrete viaducts carrying tram- and roadways. Several new bridges are also being constructed on the Wuppertal Autobahn.

CANADIAN STUDY OF BRITISH CONCRETE DESIGN

AT LONDON AIRPORT: *Left* is Mr. J. F. Zimmerman, a sales manager of Supercrete Ltd., of Canada, who is with Mr. J. F. Boux, President of Supercrete and leader of the Canadian Party.

Mr. L. L. Jones (centre, wearing a striped tie), of the Cement and Concrete Association, explains a new system of concrete stressing to a party of Canadian architects and engineers in the Association's structures laboratory at Fulmer, near Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire. Over seventy architects and engineers reached Great Britain recently to learn about the latest aspects of concrete design and construction. Their leader, Mr. Boux, said, "There is much the British can teach us about the use of concrete in modern bridges and buildings. We are bringing our architectural and engineering friends to London for intensive study of British know-how that can be applied in Canada." The programme consists of a week of lectures and demonstrations, followed by a tour of buildings and bridges under construction in London and elsewhere. Their tour includes a visit to Birmingham and Coventry. During the fortnight there will be a number of opportunities for meeting British manufacturers of building plant and materials. The third week of the party's stay is left free.

AN OILFIELD IN CANADA: The pilot plant at Mildred Lake, in Alberta, stands in front of an oil sand escarpment. Owned by four companies, the plant was built to study commercial possibilities of the Athabasca oil sands.

OIL FROM SAND AT ATHABASCA

It is estimated that the hydrocarbon content of the Athabasca oil sands, in north-eastern Alberta, almost equals the total proved crude oil reserves of North America. The sands at or near the surface contain some 40 billion barrels of hydrocarbon reserves. Located along the banks of the Athabasca River, some 300 miles north of Edmonton, the oil sands occupy an area of about 30,000 square miles.

Exploiting these vast reserves, whose existence has been known for several years, has been tried many times but has always been found uneconomic. A new attempt is being made by a group of four companies using new techniques. A pilot plant costing over £1,000,000 has been built at Mildred Lake to study the potentialities of the techniques. Mining the oil sands is carried out by a German-built machine similar to those used in Europe for the surface mining of coal. The deposits dug are carried to a mobile extraction unit. This takes out the hydrocarbons by several processes. First, rocks and other foreign materials are taken out. The second process involves the use of a diluent—produced from the hydrocarbons themselves—to reduce the viscosity and specific gravity of the hydrocarbons. Water is then added, causing the sand to precipitate, and freeing the diluted hydrocarbons for further processing. Leaving the extraction plant, the mixture of water, diluent and hydrocarbons passes through a separation unit. The water is taken out and then the diluent recovery unit gets to work, removing the diluent from the hydrocarbons. This is accomplished by heating the diluent-hydrocarbon mixture in a furnace.

The extracted hydrocarbons are solid and are not a conventional material for commerce. Moreover, there is a sulphur content of about 5 per cent. Should the extraction of the hydrocarbons be accomplished on a large scale at a reasonable cost, the next stage would be to convert them to marketable crude oil. Research is going on at present on hydrogenation, which is thought to be the only possible method of accomplishing this conversion.

On left—
THE PILOT PLANT: On the right are storage tanks, and on the left is the refining equipment at Mildred Lake. The four companies controlling it are Imperial Oil Limited; Cities Services Athabasca Inc.; Richfield Oil Corporation of Los Angeles; and Royalite Oil Company Ltd. The Athabasca oil sands are situated about 300 miles north of Edmonton.

AT THE BASE OF THE OIL SAND ESCARPMENT: *Left*—Mining and extraction equipment are at work at Mildred Lake. On the left the mining machinery removes the oil sands from the escarpment to convey it to the mobile extraction unit, on the right. This returns clean sand to the escarpment area and forwards liquid hydrocarbons to the pilot refinery. *Right*—Each of the six buckets attached to the wheel of the mining unit digs into the escarpment face. They drop their loads onto a conveyor belt.

The World of Books

A SCHOLARLY STUDY OF CONRAD

A Biography of the Famous Novelist; a Life of Rimbaud; Nansen the Explorer; in the Canadian Arctic; Henry Miller in Greece; and Fiction of the Week

AS I write this, the house where Conrad lived some of his reasonably happy years in England is only a very few miles away. And it is true that Conrad was as contented as such a gifted, idiosyncratic and powerful writer could be, in a country not his own, when he lived, wrote and flourished in Kent. Mr. Jocelyn Baines' critical biography, JOSEPH CONRAD (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 42s.), is the best study, and certainly the most fully documented, that I have read on this author.

Mr. Baines is the most scrupulous of biographers, but he has another talent, and that is his immensely sensitive capacity for digging and probing worthy of, say, a mole who also had antennæ worthy of radar. The few writers who are the subjects of biographies during their life-times are not always wholly satisfied, sometimes through professional scruples, sometimes because of a modesty which is more usual than careless readers suppose. But I cannot believe that Conrad would not have appreciated this searching, scholarly, wonderfully sympathetic study of a Polish gentleman who had become a successful captain in the British Merchant Navy, was at least trilingual but thought in English, and wrote—in our language—some of the most memorable, stirring, romantic and powerful novels that a generation or two of readers have inherited.

Conrad was a frail man, he had little money and that hard-won, and his lack of self-confidence was to be the amazement of such friends as Ford Madox Hueffer, who had enough of it and to spare. Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells and Cunninghame Graham became his devoted friends. He was an exceptional and brilliant writer and a man very much on his own. Mr. Baines' biography must rate as one of the most perceptive that can ever be written about him.

Rimbaud ceased to write poetry after the age of nineteen and yet he had by that time given France and the world enough to influence his own and succeeding generations, and to assure his own fame. In her biography of the poet, Mrs. Elisabeth Hanson has tried to show how, in his storm-tossed and tragic life, his greatest incentive had been to win the respect and love of the mother whose attitude was reflected in her habitual reference to him as "my poor Arthur." Rimbaud was, demonstrably, a precocious boy; his talents were vivid, unconventional and, as we know now, unforgettable. Verlaine's love for him resulted in the imprisonment of the older man and in the disgrace of the younger, whose life ended at the age of thirty-seven. MY POOR ARTHUR (Secker and Warburg with Chatto and Windus. 30s.) is sensitively written in direct, lively prose and with a compassion which makes the author's account all the more moving.

NANSEN—THE EXPLORER (Witherby. 18s.), by Edward Shackleton, is a study of that great man of the Arctic by one who has many reasons, both through practical and inherited experience, for writing such a book. In his preface, Lord Shackleton writes that ". . . . Nansen is perhaps unique in having no detractors, and in this polar Pantheon he is one of the greatest figures, and certainly the most original." He was several times a great man: zoologist, oceanographer, artist, Nobel Peace prize winner, League of Nations High Commissioner between the wars and, first and last, humanitarian. This biography, knowledgeably and soberly written, is a tribute in the fullest and most dedicated sense of the word.

In 1904 the Norwegian explorer, Otto Sverdrup, wrote of his experiences in the Arctic regions, and now Mr. T. C. Fairley, a well-known figure in Canadian broadcasting and a student of exploration in the Canadian Arctic, has edited SVERDRUP'S ARCTIC ADVENTURES (Longmans. 30s.) for contemporary readers, adding some useful explanations and an epilogue which places Sverdrup in the history of exploration. It was, in fact, Nansen's famous ship, *Fram*, which his compatriot refitted and sailed with some equally tough companions to spend four years exploring and charting 100,000 square miles among those northern Canadian islands. His work, valuable and even heroic at the time, is of even greater value now, and Mr. Fairley's edition of his book is as welcome as a spring thaw, and rather better organised.

THE COLOSSUS OF MAROUSSI (Heinemann. 18s.) has also had an earlier publication, this time in 1942, and in its own literary way also remains a volume of exceptional notability. Mr. Henry Miller visited Greece in the year the war began and, in this book, he writes about his own discoveries there, of people and places, light and colour, water and stone. Because there is nothing predictable about Henry Miller except that he will write well, no one will be surprised that his journey to the Ægean, where he was to meet his friend, Lawrence Durrell, began with a visit to the Dordogne. Or that his asides and anecdotes are as vital a part of his book as the magical descriptions of the country. I thought it an immensely stimulating book when I first read it. Nearly twenty years later I can only repeat my first opinion.

The first of the novels I come to this week is also a reprint. The late Rose Macaulay wrote THEY WERE DEFEATED (Collins. 21s.) nearly thirty years ago, yet this handsome new edition of the book is fresh and as distinguished in its manner, its style and its presentation as ever it was on its first appearance. The theme lies in the seventeenth century, which Rose Macaulay knew so well through her reading and studies, and illustrates the years through which England was drawing constantly closer to a tragic civil war. When she was asked a few years ago what the book was about, the author replied to her questioner: "They were defeated is what it is about. Everyone defeated, Julian Conybeare (her heroine), Herrick, the Royalists, the Church. . . ." Coming to this book anew brings a real delight.

A NEW MUSICAL AT THE ROYAL COURT THEATRE: In *The Lily White Boys*, presented by the English Stage Company at their theatre, in London, Ann Lynn (right), the niece of Ralph Lynn, as Liz, pulls the hair of Shirley Ann Field (left), as Eth, during a disagreement between members of the adolescent gang. Their leader, played by Georgia Brown, tries to separate them. Written by Harry Cookson, with songs by Christopher Logue, the new work has music by Bill Le Sage and Tony Kinsey, and is directed by Lindsay Anderson. Among those in the cast is Albert Finney, who had a successful season last year at Stratford.

THE PARISH OF LONG TRISTER (Cresset Press. 16s.) is a first novel by Mr. Michael Ramsbotham; a contemporary picture of the problems which an earnest bachelor parson has to face when he comes to a new living in a village which is outwardly calm and inwardly disrupted by feuds, jealousies and the activities of at least three eccentrics. Thoughtfully though rather stiffly written, and with a core of good-heartedness which is very warming.

The author of WEEKEND IN DINLOCK (Secker and Warburg. 16s.) is an American writer, Mr. Clancy Sigal, and he has brought to his book a wonderfully acute sense of observation, sharp enough, in fact, to make the reader feel he is experiencing each episode himself at close range. Mr. Sigal's narrative is in the present tense, a moving and vital account of a meeting in London with a young miner, a visit to his Yorkshire home, and the consequent revelations of a life of conflict, passion and deep disillusionment. This is a most remarkable piece of work and quite haunting in its starkness and realism.

CLEA (Faber. 16s.) is the fourth novel in Mr. Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, and brings this intricate and half-poetic work to a conclusion. The principal characters are the familiar ones of the narrator, of Justine, Nessim, and Clea herself. As well as being a rounding-off and, in many ways, an explanation of the previous three books, *Clea* is also a work on its own and one which seems to take the action and the development of the plots and counter-plots much further forward. In one sense this resembles *Justine*, because it is a story of love, but in all other ways I found it different, perhaps less subtle but, on the whole, more moving.

JUST LIKE A LADY (Longmans. 16s.) is a new departure for Mrs. Nina Bawden, who has, up to now, written only crime stories. Her new novel is an amusing, astringent and faintly Rabelaisian story about a girl whose intelligence and humour is undoubted, but who, through an odd ambition to explore the "marvellous secret society" of rich and educated people, gets herself into some very odd scrapes indeed. Funny, candid, disconcerting and very enjoyable.

Mr. Douglas Baber's new novel is a sombre but dramatic story of a man, sensitive and perceptive enough to realise the tragic direction his life is taking but apparently unable to alter its course. Barnes is seen in a hotel in The Hague as the tale begins, fighting his way back from a drinking bout and aware that he has lost his job and that his future, both emotionally and economically, is stormy and dark. Through a series of brilliantly contrived flashbacks the author tells the story of Barnes' hopeless, arid marriage, his love for a Dutch girl and their moments of happiness. Mr. Baber has brought compassion to this study, GOD'S BLIND EYE (Heinemann. 16s.), and his work is immensely readable.

Herr Erich Kuby's ROSEMARIE (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.) can also be said to be readable, though

RESEARCH INTO ADVERTISING

A Study of this Predominant Feature of Contemporary Life

WHY should the subject of advertising be dealt with in terms of passion and prejudice? For that is the way its detractors so often treat it. Careful thinking on the subject has largely been confined to its staunch defenders. The path of those who assert that the evils of modern life can in part be traced to the "goings-on" of advertisers is a fairly easy one. There is a fair amount of ammunition (notably on the television screen), and the way of the advertiser who sets out to deny the charges can be thorny indeed.

At last someone has come along to inject some fair-mindedness into the whole affair. His name is Walter Taplin, by training an economist, and a Research Fellow in Advertising and Promotional Activity at the London School of Economics, the holder of the only academic post on this subject in Britain. In his ADVERTISING: A NEW APPROACH (Hutchinson. 25s.) Mr. Taplin has made a most exhaustive inquiry into this massive feature of contemporary life, a business which, in Britain alone, spends a million pounds a day. Here is a real attempt to distinguish between good and bad in the far from gentle arts of persuasion. The author explores the nature of human wants, and examines the functions and limitations of information. In all this the same arguments are inclined to recur. The contention that advertising promotes higher sales and reduces costs is as familiar as the anti-advertising view that advertising is a waste of national productivity. What Mr. Taplin does is to sort out some of the fundamental ideas, and he does it supremely well.

One day during the German invasion of Yugoslavia in 1941, a German patrol car pursued a cycle-escorted civilian lorry on a winding road between Zagreb and the Adriatic shore. The lorry gathered pace, the pursuit was intensified, and when the inevitable end came the German patrolmen, with a corporal in charge, found in their possession gold bars of the Yugoslav Government worth as much as a million sterling. The Germans' prompt action was to take the gold and desert, make for some Adriatic island and there "sweat" out the "months" remaining before they could return to their beloved Berlin and flaunt their new-won wealth. A hectic drive to the port of Zadar, the seizure of the *Captain Flint*, a trim little sea-going craft of just the right type, the removal of the ballast, and its replacement by gold bars; it was all done at the double. Then, alas, the prize was snatched from their grasp. Peter Eton and James Leasor have collaborated to tell this story of war-time treasure trove, telling it with considerable narrative skill. They may not write particularly well, but the suspense is tremendous and the story (modified here and there, as they admit) is one of the most remarkable to come out of World War II. They call the book CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE (Angus and Robertson. 18s.). Many questions are unanswered, and the bullion is still under the Corsican sand.

Rupert Furneaux pays a delightful tribute to his great-great-great-grandfather in TOBIAS FURNEAUX CIRCUMNAVIGATOR (Cassell. 30s.). This story of the Royal Navy captain who was the first man to circumnavigate the globe twice, who never won the fame of Cook or the undeserved notoriety of Bligh, who was a

(*Continued from previous page*)

in rather a different way. This is a tale based on an actual murder two years ago in Frankfurt, when a young woman of what is euphemistically known as easy virtue was strangled and her death threw many rich and influential men into a panic. The circumstances are still a mystery. Although this is not a factual reconstruction of the crime, it seems to have much in common with a sordid story of prostitution and big business, though the writer, who is held to be one of Germany's most astute social commentators, has given it a twist of his own.

REBEL AGAINST THE LIGHT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.) is Mr. Alexander Ramati's novel of contemporary Israel and the profound effect that its independence and way of life have on one pleasant, mannerly and thoroughly undedicated young Jew. I read this with the closest and most vivid interest because of the reality with which Mr. Ramati conveys the problems and the unprecedented situations which arise in this new country, whether at war or in peace. Recommended as a notably sincere guide to a country that is still in formation.

Vernon Fane

pioneer of the South Seas and led the first party ashore on Tahiti, owes its real importance to the picture which it paints of naval life above and below deck. The familiar story of the landing on Tahiti is well told, Tobias Furneaux only lived to the age of forty-seven, otherwise his name would no doubt have been heard of in the Napoleonic Wars. The memorials of his life are few, and we have the picture of an easy-going, tolerant and contented man, who none the less helped by his explorations to open up the distant corners of the earth.

J. A. Cuddon, who has lived and worked in Istanbul, has written a study of that great city and its people under the title THE OWL'S WATCHSONG (Barrie and Rockliff. 25s.). "There are plenty of trains to Istanbul across Europe and the journey only takes half-an-hour longer than it did in 1900," Mr. Cuddon tells us. He makes a charming guide, combining scholarship with sharp observation and an ironic wit, and he has made much of his own and other people's photographic ability.

Heinz Gartmann tells the story of man's technological progress from the steam-engine to space travel in his book SCIENCE AS HISTORY (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.). The dominant theme is the constant struggle the scientists have waged against Man's fear of change.

The latest addition to the Methuen handbooks of Archæology is R. M. Cook's GREEK PAINTED POTTERY (Methuen. 63s.). The author is Laurence Reader in Classical Archæology at Cambridge, and he has produced the first handbook of this kind and scale since 1905, when the modern study of vase painting was just beginning. Over 100 halftone plates and line drawings adorn the text.

R. C. E.

"LA FILLE MAL GARDEE": At the end of Act II of the new version by Frederick Ashton of the ballet at Covent Garden in London, the young lovers kiss, watched by members of the chorus of the Royal Ballet. The lovers, Lise and Colas, are danced by Nadia Nerina and David Blair. In the foreground, right, are the vineyard owner, Thomas (Leslie Edwards), and his son, Alain (Alexander Grant). The story of the ballet, the première of which was last week, tells of Lise, the daughter of widow Simone, who owns a prosperous farm. She is in love with Colas, a young farmer, but her mother has more ambitious plans. Lise is to marry Alain. The widow Simone tries to prevent the lovers from meeting, but is neatly circumvented until finally all ends happily. The delightful work, which has a very long history, is set in the farmyard and in the French countryside. The costumes and sets are by Osbert Lancaster. The leading role, Lise, is the first which the choreographer, Frederick Ashton, has created for Nadia Nerina. It is a part which has been danced by many famous ballerinas since the original version was first staged at Bordeaux, in the eighteenth century. Act one of *La Fille mal Gardée* will be performed at the Royal Ballet Benevolent Gala, at the Royal Opera House on March 1.

PREMIERE AT COVENT GARDEN

On left—

CELEBRATIONS IN THE COUNTRYSIDE: As the lovers, Lise and Colas, David Blair and Nadia Nerina become entwined in a ribbon dance round the maypole.

OFF TO THE MAY DAY DANCING: Colas and Lise join hands across the pony cart which is to take them to the celebrations. They are watched with great disapproval by Widow Simone, who has other plans for her daughter Lise. The comic travesty role of the widow, traditionally danced by a man, is taken in the Covent Garden production by Stanley Holden.

LONDON'S BUSIEST CROSSROADS

The Hyde Park Corner-Marble Arch Improvement Scheme

London's Hyde Park Corner is the busiest traffic junction in the city. The work now proceeding to ease the severe congestion there has been described as the largest single road improvement scheme in Central London for fifty years. The areas round Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch will be completely altered. Larger traffic islands are to be built. Two tunnels, each for two-lane traffic, will take traffic east and west respectively between Piccadilly and Knightsbridge. New roads will be built, and when the project is completed, scheduled for 1962, other roads will take traffic in one direction only.

For the past year preparation work has been carried out on the main parts of the traffic scheme. This has been largely in connection with the tunnels and has involved diverting a sewer and gas, electricity and water mains. Tenders for the construction of the tunnels, islands and roads are being considered this month. It is expected that work will begin in April. The total cost will be over £5,000,000, of which the Government will grant £4,000,000. About £500,000 is being spent on the architectural and landscape treatment of the improvement. At Hyde Park Corner a simple treatment is intended to continue the effect of parkland between Green Park and Hyde Park, with a large grassed island. The new Marble Arch island, divided by a link road but treated as a whole, will have an ornamental pool, fountains and sculptures.

On right—

FOR UNDERGROUND SERVICES: Another view of the excavation work going on at the Hyde Park Corner road improvement project. Last year a sewer was diverted in connection with the scheme and at present the diversion of other essential underground services is proceeding.

PREPARATORY WORK AT HYDE PARK CORNER: Excavation work is in progress on a site off the South Carriageway. In the background is the Wellington Arch, surmounted by the quadriga and the figure of Peace. The work now going on at Hyde Park Corner and Marble Arch is in preparation for the building of new roads, traffic islands, and two tunnels which will carry four streams of traffic underground between Piccadilly and Knightsbridge.

On left—

IN A LONDON PARK: The traffic is moving along Piccadilly towards the Wellington Arch. On the left is Green Park with an area cleared of trees to be used to build a slip road which will join the underpass to Knightsbridge. The Hyde Park Corner-Marble Arch Improvement Scheme is scheduled for completion in 1962. Work was started in 1958.

FACTS AND FIGURES

Britain's 12,000 New Cars a Week; Average Ages of Cars; Drunken Drivers and Pedestrians; British and Foreign Production in 1959

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

YOU get some idea of the extent of Britain's traffic problem when you stop for a moment to study the number of new cars coming on to the roads. At the time of writing the official figures are not available, but it is estimated that the number of new British and foreign cars registered in Britain for the first time last year was 640,000. That is more than 12,000 every week. The wastage rate for old cars sent to the scrap-heap and new ones damaged beyond repair is still relatively low. I estimate that the wastage for the twelve months to August 31, 1959, was not more than 180,000 cars and that for the previous twelve months it was only 100,000.

There are now about 5,000,000 cars using Britain's 191,000 miles of roads. The total number of motor vehicles is well over 8,000,000. In the five years from 1954 to 1958 inclusive the number of new cars registered in Britain was 2,867,000. Making allowance for wastage, that gave a net increase of 1,811,000.

I have just been reading an interesting brochure put out by the Mobil organisation. It is a survey of the types of cars built in various countries. In it experts say that in 1962 the number of people per car in the U.S. will be three (same as in 1958); in the U.K. nine (against eleven in 1958); in France nine (twelve); in Italy twenty-four (thirty-five); and in Germany twelve (twenty). It was an M.P.—Mr. Wedgwood Benn—who said in Parliament not long ago that since 1952 only 6 ins. of new road had been built in Britain for every new vehicle that had come on the roads.

There is talk that the average age of Britain's cars is getting younger. I see the Mobil oil experts put the figure at seven years compared with five in the U.S., France and Italy, and only four in Germany. Britain has most cars over ten years old: 39 per cent. compared with 14 per cent. in France, 9 per cent. in the U.S. and 7 per cent. in both Italy and Germany. By the same token the U.K. has only 20 per cent. of cars less than two years old, compared with 38 per cent. in Italy, 30 per cent. in Germany and 27 per cent. in France. The U.S. is credited with only 19 per cent. of cars less than two years old but in the bracket for cars between two and five years old it comes second only to Germany, the percentages being 38 and 33 respectively. The other figures are: Italy 30 per cent., France 28 per cent., U.K. 27 per cent.

Just a few more figures before I pass on to the next subject. . . . The Mobil brochure publishes a table graphically showing the contrast between the U.S. and Italy as builders of the world's biggest and smallest cars. Before the new "compact" cars came along all U.S.-built cars had engines of 3,000 c.c. or more, the figures being: 3 to 4 litres, 16 per cent. of total production; above 4,000 c.c., 84 per cent. On the other hand, 95 per cent. of all Italian cars built are under 1,500 c.c. and the corresponding figures for Germany, France and U.K. are 86 per cent., 84 per cent. and 71 per cent. respectively.

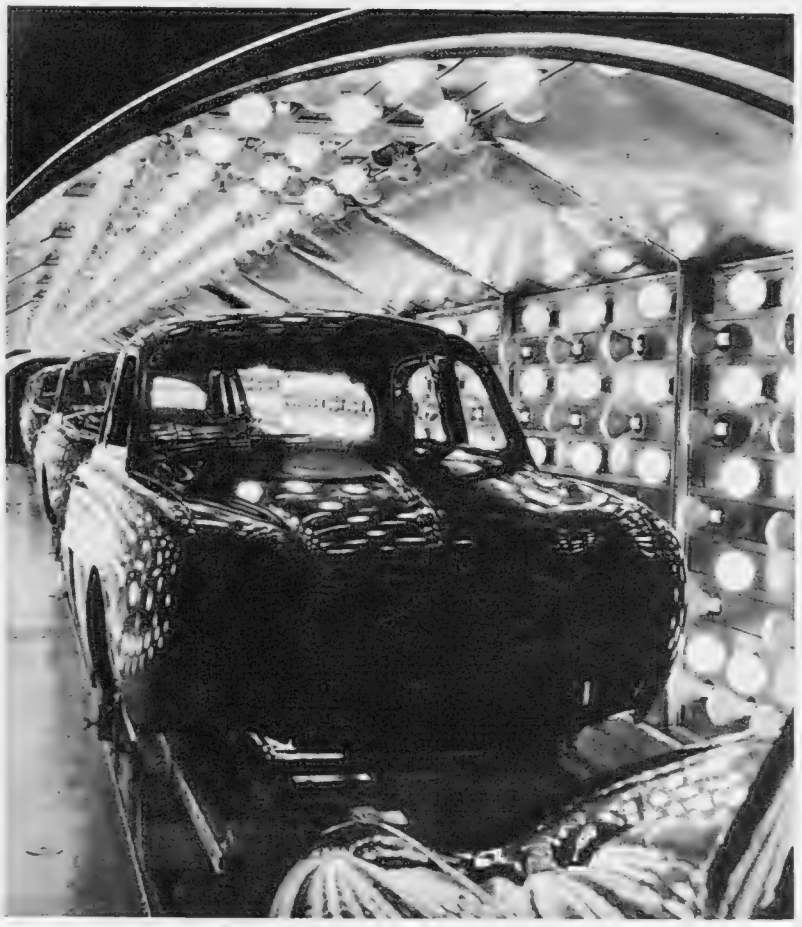
The car, as most of my figures show, is assuming such importance in the business and social life of Britain it is not surprising that in the newspapers and in other quarters much has been said lately about the menace of drivers who take too much to drink. The Christmas casualty figures were terrible and it seems reasonable to assume that many of them were caused because the people involved had had one, or more, too many.

But it would not be right to assume that this excessive drinking concerns only the drivers of motor vehicles involved in accidents. What about the drunken pedestrians who stagger into the path of a car or bus or, even if they are not staggering, take too little care when walking in the road or crossing it? We know too little about the causes of road accidents in Britain.

I should like to see a much more detailed investigation of every fatal accident to determine with greater accuracy than at present who caused the accident—and why. It is not sufficient to say that the main "causes" of accidents in 1958 in Britain were: (1) crossing road junctions without due care (11,800); (2) turning right without due care (8,600); (3) excessive speed (5,300); and so on. The question is: *Why* did so many motorists take insufficient care when going over those crossroads? Was it their age, their eyesight, their lack of experience? Or was it because they were feeling unwell or had had a row with the wife or the boss?

Road casualties are such a tragic and costly feature of life in Britain to-day that we cannot afford not to spend large sums of money on finding out why they happen. It is not good enough for so-called experts to say—without much evidence—that most of them are due to motorists' liking for a glass or two of beer or a couple of tots of whisky.

On the question of the pedestrian's share of guilt in accidents caused by alcohol I was glad to see the line taken by Mr. Graham Page, M.P. In the private Road Safety Bill this lawyer and Conservative put forward the other day he advocated penalties for drivers and pedestrians alike if they were using the roads in certain conditions with more than 0.15 per cent. of alcohol in their bloodstream. Drunken pedestrians would be liable to prosecution only if they were "unaccompanied," when walking in the road, by an adult more than sixteen years of age and with less than 0.15 per cent. of alcohol in *his* system. That seems the right approach, to me.



FRENCH EXPORTS TO BRITAIN: Infra-red lamps are directed on Renault Dauphines in the drying cabinet of the works at Flins, near Paris, after the cars have left the paint-shop. Last month 1,050 Dauphines were shipped to Britain.

If only because of its effect on home prices and the money available for research and development, the prosperity of the British motor industry is a matter of vital interest to British motorists. I am pleased to report, therefore, that the big car firms have had a bumper year, with a total car output of 1,189,970. That is a record and 138,419 more cars than were built in 1958. Nearly half (568,846) were exported and that, too, is a big jump on 1958.

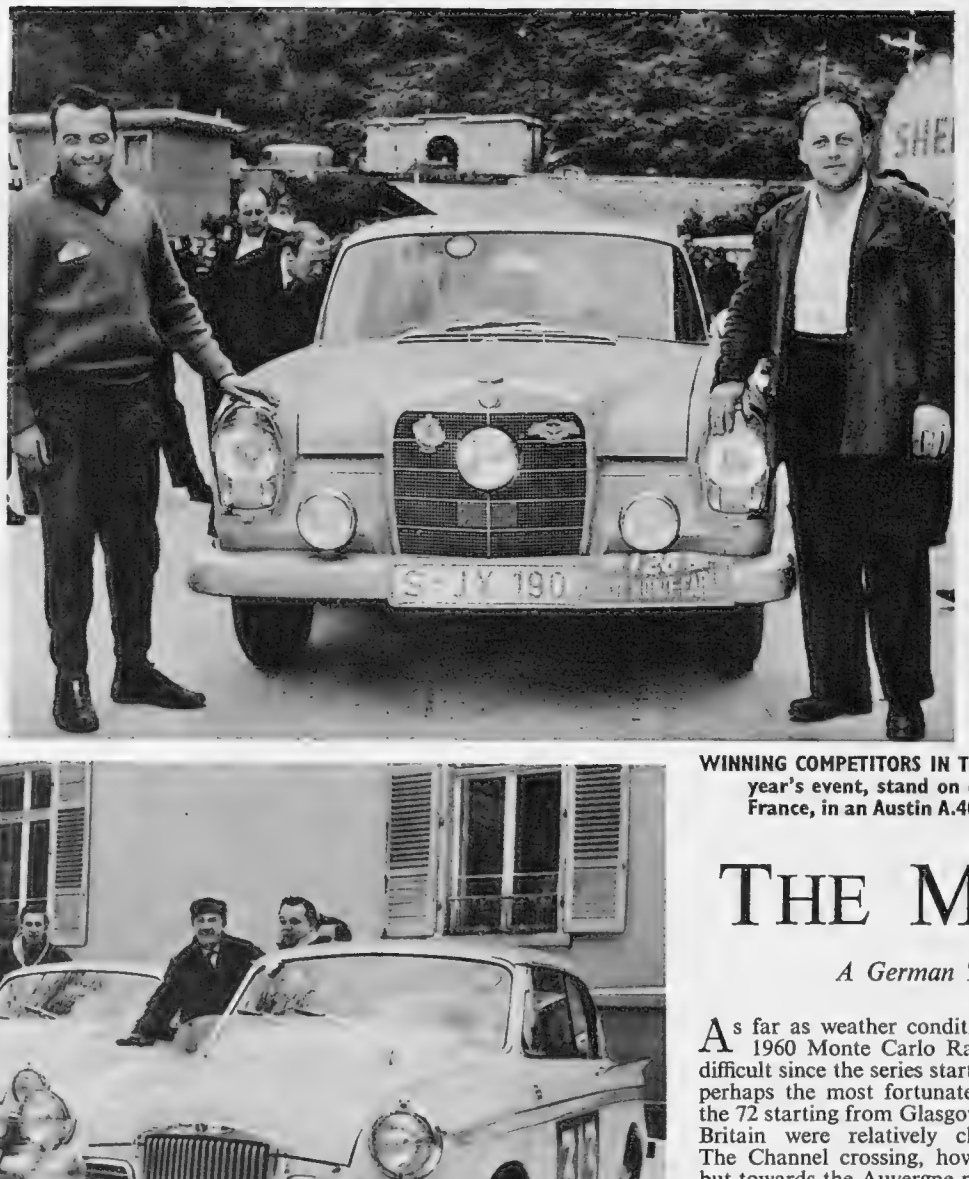
The British Motor Corporation, which is embarking on a £49,000,000 development scheme, involving the building of new factories in Scotland, South Wales and on Merseyside, is still Britain's biggest car producer (and probably the biggest outside America). It is estimated that the output of Austin, Morris, Wolseley, M.G. and Riley models accounts for well over a third of total British car production and that the single-name Ford range runs it pretty close with Vauxhall and the Rootes Group more or less sharing third place.

What about our chief competitor, Germany? There was again a big increase in vehicle production—15 per cent.—in 1959, including 1,503,388 cars (313,418 more than the British total). Germany exported 870,760 vehicles, about 50 per cent. of total production. Main producers were Volkswagen (704,935 vehicles), Opel (311,889), Ford (131,481) and Borgward (107,500), though on a value basis the products of the Daimler-Benz Group run V.W. close.

Third in the list of big European car-producing countries comes France, which in 1959 stepped up its vehicle output to 1,283,159, including 1,085,177 cars. That is an overall rise of 14 per cent. Main producers were Renault (515,000 vehicles), Citroen (287,000) and Simca (240,000).

It all adds up to a lot of cars and commercial vehicles, the numbers of which are increasing at a faster rate than the planning and building of new roads, flyovers and under-passes. We can only hope that Mr. Ernest Marples, the Transport Minister, will prove in traffic matters that his wisdom and sense of urgency are as great as his flair for publicity. Much is expected of the new Road Traffic Bill he is bringing out in the spring. Mr. Marples has had some intelligent things to say about what he saw on his tour of the U.S. One comment I particularly liked, because it is so realistic and down to earth, was that you cannot solve traffic problems on a hunch or by waving a magic wand.

A SMART FRENCH CAR: *Left*—The Renault Floride Convertible has its hood down. *Right*—The hard-top hood is fitted in position. The car also has a soft hood, which, when the hard-top is in position, is folded behind the back seat. The Floride Convertible, which is now available in the United Kingdom, costs approximately £1,200, including purchase tax. A two-door car, the Floride is fitted with "Aerostable" suspension. The engine, which is rear-mounted, has a capacity of 845 c.c. and gives a speed of 83 m.p.h.



WINNING COMPETITORS IN THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: *Left*—Walter Schock (right) and Rolf Moll, winners of t year's event, stand on each side of their Mercedes-Benz. *Right*—Arriving at the control point at Lucéra France, in an Austin A.40, are Miss Pat Moss at the wheel and Miss Ann Wisdom, the winners of the Ladies' C

BRITISH COMPETITORS STARTING AT FRANKFURT: The drivers from the left are Peter Harper, Raymond Baxter, Gregor Grant and David Dixon. In their Sunbeam Rapier, Peter Harper and Raymond Baxter were the first of the British contingent, coming in fourth.

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

A German Team Triumphs in the 1960 International Motoring Event

As far as weather conditions were concerned, the 1960 Monte Carlo Rally was one of the most difficult since the series started. Of the 298 entrants, perhaps the most fortunate in the first stages were the 72 starting from Glasgow. Roads south through Britain were relatively clear of snow and ice. The Channel crossing, however, was a rough one; but towards the Auvergne mountains and the Massif Central conditions were again good. Later, snow and ice were encountered. Starters from Oslo and Frankfurt faced the worst difficulties. The Oslo contingent met thick snow and deep drifts in Sweden, while drivers from Frankfurt had to motor in bad conditions through Germany and the Ardennes. Because of floods, drivers from Athens had to be re-routed. On the last leg from Chambéry, fog, rain and ice forced many competitors to retire.

The result of the rally was a triumph for the German firm of Daimler-Benz A.G., of Stuttgart, with their new Mercedes-Benz 220 S.E. Eingespritzte. These cars occupied the first three places and fifth, the first time one make of car has achie such a feat. The winners were Walter Schock Rolf Moll. The Mercedes team won their vic after weeks of thorough preparation. Practice were sent over the route several times, partic attention being paid to the final 180-mile mount circuit for speed trials. As a result, the drivers navigators were thoroughly familiar with the cou

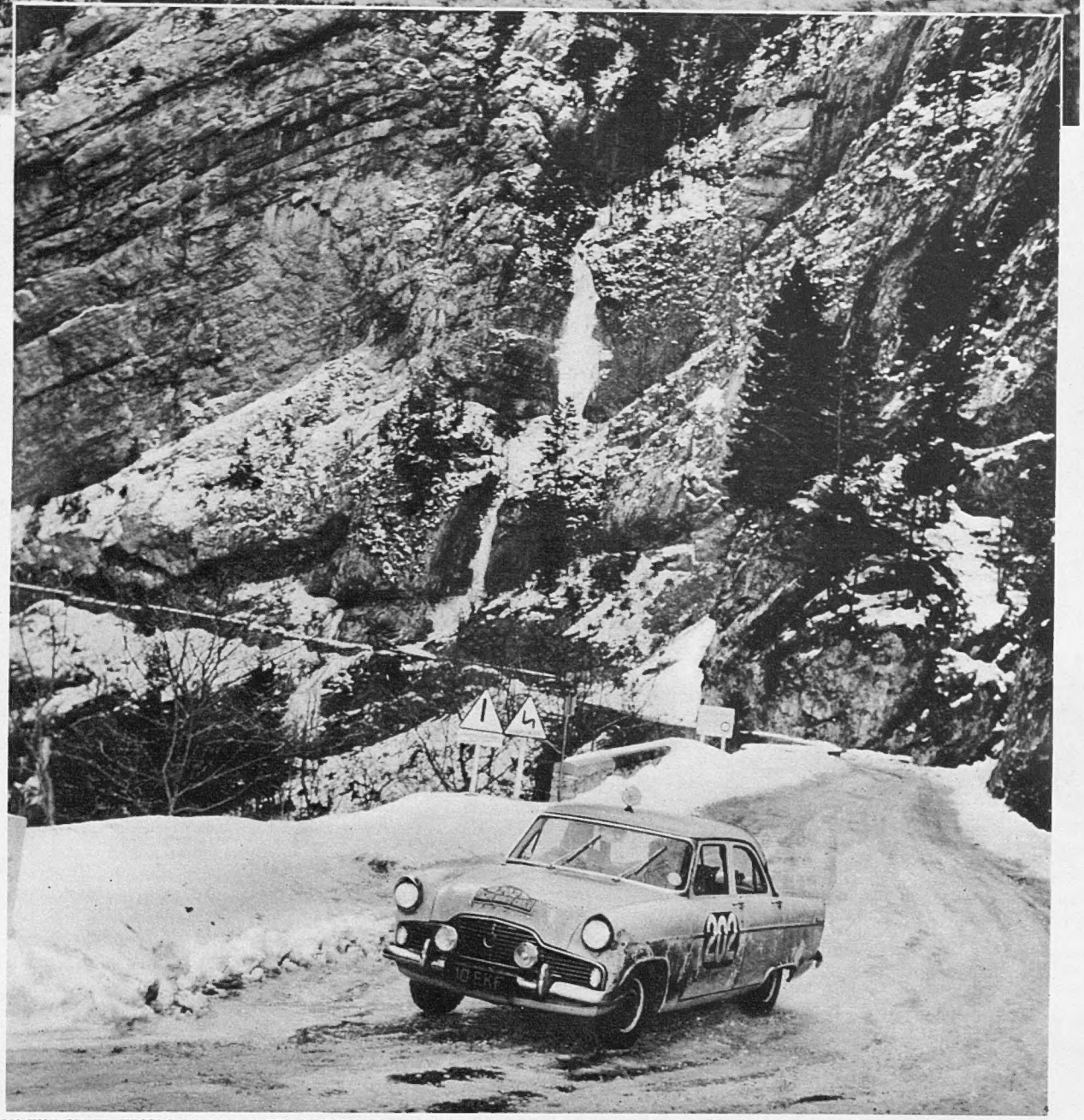
There was some disappointment at the fortunes of the British competitors. A British te Peter Harper and Raymond Baxter, in a Sunbe Rapier, were placed fourth, and another British p Michael Sutcliffe and George Crabtree, driving Ford Zephyr, were sixth. In the Ladies' Cup th was further consolation for Great Britain. Miss Moss and Miss Ann Wisdom held the trophy won last year. They drove the small Austin A In second place, driving the new Ford Anglia, w Mrs. Anne Hall, also of the U.K.

A SCANDINAVIAN STARTING-POINT: In the Volvo are Hans Ingier (right) and Nils Hagen, of Norway. Drivers from Continental starting-points faced difficult road conditions. The Oslo contingent met thick snow and deep drifts in Sweden.

IN THE FRENCH LOWER ALPS: An Austin, driven by Michael Bausola and J. A. Barlow, of Gra Gap-Digne lap of the final leg from Chambéry to Monte Carlo. The British pair were amo tively good road conditions were experienced on the drive through Britain. Later, goi

ND A HAIRPIN BEND: A French Citroen, driven by René Trautmann with Gérard Chevron as co-driver, negotiates a sharp corner near Pont-en-Royans, on the 335 miles from Chambéry to Monte Carlo. They started from Athens. Drivers from there were re-routed because of floods.

in, passes along a road near Barles, on the ty-two drivers starting from Glasgow. Rela- s France, ice and snow were encountered.



ON THE SPEED TRIALS IN THE ALPES MARITIMES: Against an impressive background, a Ford Zephyr speeds up an incline in the mountains. The car is being driven by Michael Sutcliffe, with George Crabtree as co-driver. Starting from Glasgow, they were the second team of the British contingent and the sixth in the overall placings in the Monte Carlo Rally.

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A MODEL FOR TOWN PLANNING: A perspective drawing shows the proposed development for an area of the Bull Ring and retail market of Birmingham. *Right* is a model of the scheme. Extreme left is St. Martin's Church, with, bottom left, a multi-storey garage and, centre, the open-air market. The main buildings comprise the retail markets, surmounted by shops on two levels and then by offices or flats. Background is the omnibus station, which is to be linked to the proposed new concourse of New Street Station (right).

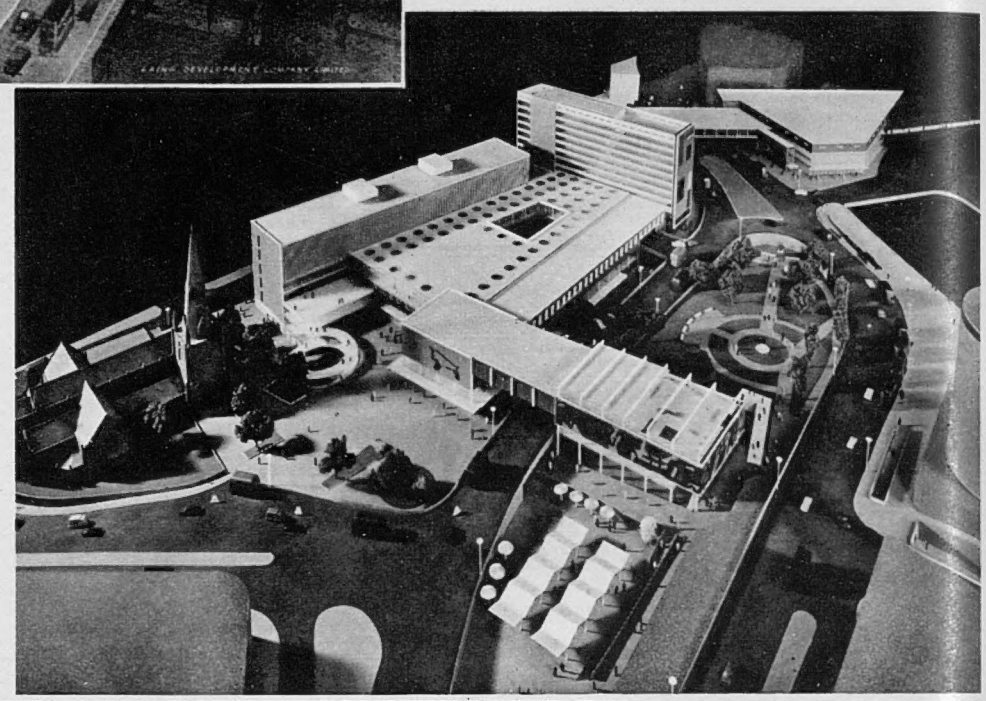
RE-PLANNING BIRMINGHAM'S BULL RING

A Proposal for a Comprehensive Shopping Centre

The Public Works Committee of Birmingham City Council recently approved in principle a £5,000,000 scheme, submitted by the Laing Investment Co., Ltd., for the comprehensive redevelopment of more than three acres in the Bull Ring and Retail Market of the city. The City Council were to be recommended to accept the scheme this week. It is estimated that it could be completed by March 1963. A feature of the plan is the proposal for a self-contained shopping area on four main floors, housing retail markets, 141 shops, departmental stores and ancillary services, including parking space. All the trading accommodation is to be within this main structure and it will be possible to regulate the temperature in the public thoroughfares and separate precincts on each floor.

In addition to the shopping centre, the main structure will have on top a seven-storey office or residential block. Other parts of the scheme include a multi-storey car-park and an omnibus station. The scheme is to be joined directly to the proposed new siting of New Street Station. As can be seen in the drawing and model, the scheme is linked by bridges over the existing roads. Access to different levels will be provided by escalators and ramps.

The Bull Ring has been the main trading centre in Birmingham for centuries. The redevelopers believe that their scheme will perpetuate and enhance the tradition, utilising an opportunity for comprehensive redevelopment, which seems unlikely to occur again in many years. One of the factors which influenced the design is the proximity of St. Martin's, the mother church of the city. An attempt is made to give a sense of spaciousness round the western front and to provide vistas to the church. A further factor in the design is the need to maintain the existing road pattern; for this reason the various parts are linked either by subway or bridge. The constructors would be John Laing and Son Ltd.



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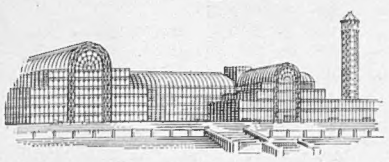

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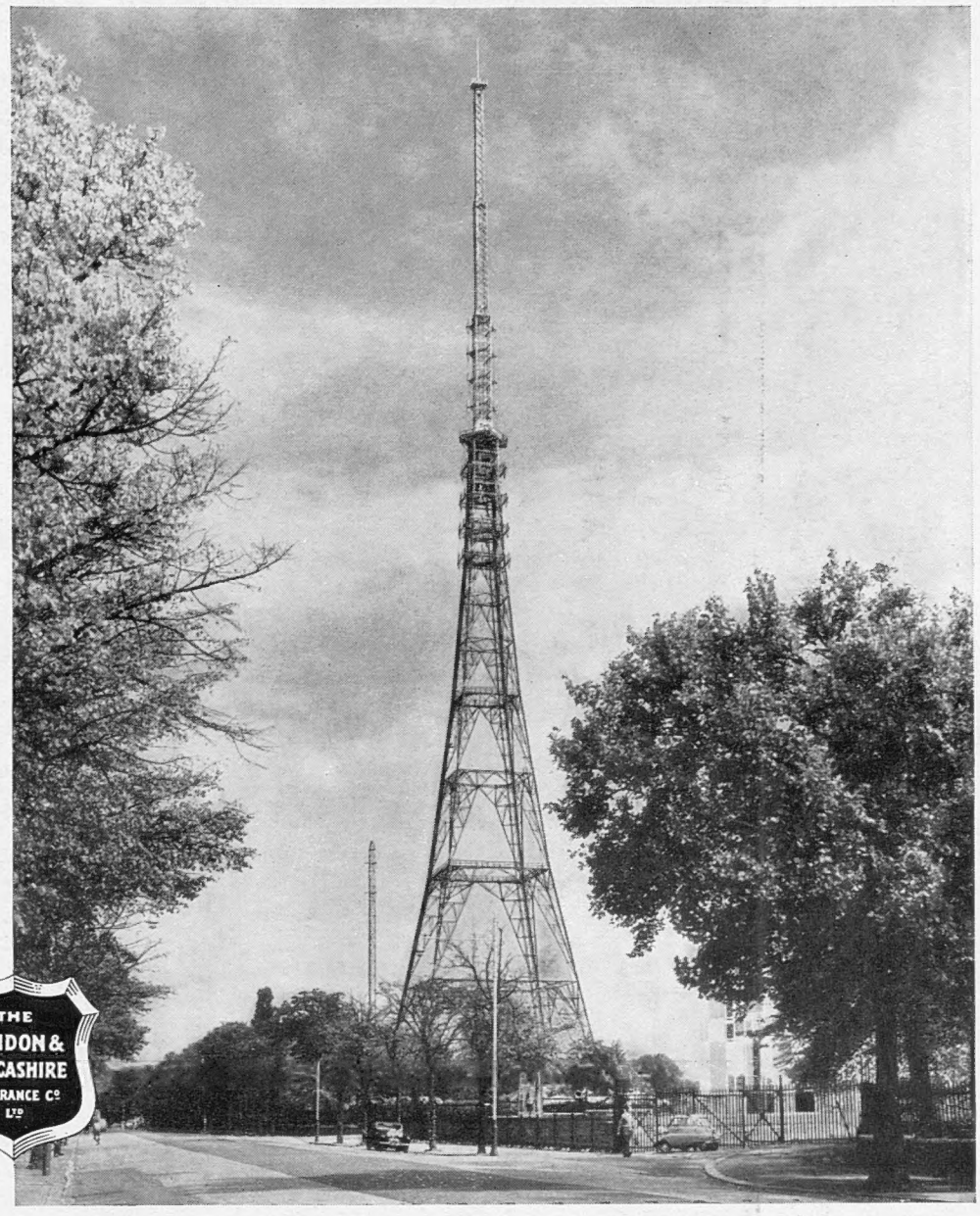

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